

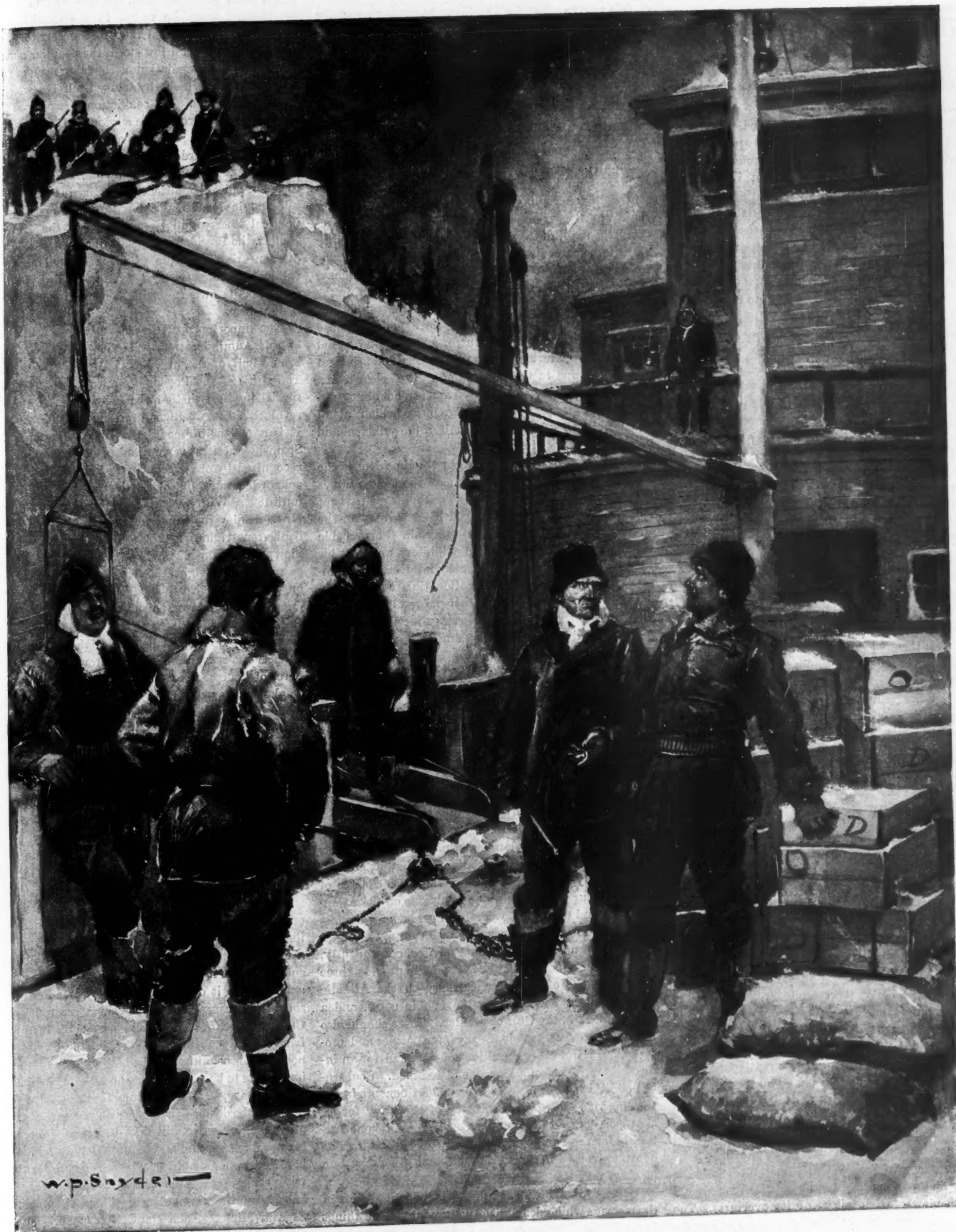
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"NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW."—A RECENT EPISODE IN THE KLONDYKE.
(DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.)

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ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR.

New York, Thursday, December 16, 1897.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S MESSAGE.

THE points in the President's message to which we desire to direct attention are, first, the suggested method of checking the drains upon the gold reserve; secondly, the reference to the bimetallic mission; thirdly, the allusion to international arbitration; fourthly, the utterance concerning the coming sale of the Kansas Pacific; fifthly, the comment on the Paris Exhibition; sixthly, the exposition of the needs of the navy; seventhly, the proposed resumption by the government of the grants made to the tribes inhabiting the Indian Territory; eighthly, the advocacy of the Hawaiian treaty; and, lastly, the discussion of the Cuban situation.

With regard to the first question mentioned, the President points out that the law which requires the Federal government, after having redeemed its notes, to pay them out again as current funds, practically imposes an incessant replenishment of the gold reserve. Especially is this true in times of business panic, and when the revenues fall short of meeting the expenses of the government. At such times, the government has no other way of supplying the deficit and of maintaining the redemption of its notes. It is well known that, during the last Cleveland administration, four and a half per cent bonds to the face value of upward of two hundred and sixty-two million dollars were issued and sold, and the proceeds used, partly to pay the expenses of the government in excess of the revenues, and partly to maintain the gold reserve. The serious question, then, presented by the President to Congress is: Shall we continue the policy pursued by his predecessor—that is, when the gold reserve reaches the point of danger, issue more bonds, and supply the needed gold—or shall we provide other means to prevent these recurring drains upon the gold reserve? The President answers his question by proposing either that Congress shall give the Secretary of the Treasury authority to sell bonds at long or short periods, bearing a less rate of interest than is now authorized by law, or else that, when any of the United States notes are presented for redemption in gold, and are redeemed in gold, such notes shall be kept apart and only paid out in exchange for gold. He does not advise the acceptance of the second alternative, however, until after the receipts of the government are sufficient to pay all expenses. He adds that, in his judgment, the government should be relieved of the burden of providing all the gold required for exchanges and export. At present, the banks do not feel the strain of gold redemption; the whole strain rests upon the government. The President, accordingly, concurs with his Secretary of the Treasury in recommending that, under certain conditions, the national banks be required hereafter to redeem their notes in gold. The conditions specified are these: First, that national banks shall be allowed to issue notes to the face value of the bonds which they have deposited for circulation; secondly, that the tax on circulating notes secured by the deposit of such bonds shall be reduced to one-half of one per cent per annum; and, thirdly, that the issue of national bank notes shall be restricted to the denomination of ten dollars and upward.

The reference to the Wolcott Bimetallic Mission is less curt and perfunctory than might have been expected, in view of the failure of its overtures. The President describes as gratifying the action of our sister republic of France in co-operating with us in an attempt to bring about an international agreement

whereby a fixed relative value between gold and silver might be secured, but acknowledges that, up to this time, no such agreement has been attained. The assertion is made, however, that the members of the commission are convinced that the doubts raised in certain quarters respecting the possibility of maintaining a stable parity between the metals may yet be solved by further negotiations.

To international arbitration, just twelve lines are devoted, in which we are assured that treaties embodying the principle, which shall in no way imperil our interest or our honor, will have the constant encouragement of the administration. A treaty, which, in no way, could be construed as imperiling our interests or our honor, would have not the slightest chance of acceptance by Great Britain, or by any other European country, and, therefore, we may take for granted that the question of international arbitration is recognized as dead.

We pass to what the President has to say about the approaching sale of the subsidized portion of the Kansas Pacific Railway, upon which the government holds a second mortgage lien. The accrued debt of this division of the Union Pacific Railroad to the government on November 1, 1897, was nearly thirteen million dollars. By the decree of the Court, the upset price on the sale of the Kansas Pacific will yield to the government, over all prior liens, costs and charges, only the sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars on its claim of more than five times as much. The question presented, therefore, is whether the government, under the authority given it by law, shall purchase or redeem the road, in the event that no bid is made by private parties covering the entire government claim. The President's view of the subject is that such a purchase or redemption should be made, and he adds that, in the absence of any action by Congress, he will direct the Secretary of the Treasury to make the deposit described by the Court as a qualification for a bidder, and to bid at the sale a sum which will at least equal the principal of the debt due to the government. It is clear to Mr. McKinley's mind that the government should not permit the property to be sold at a price which, at all events, will yield less than one-half of the principal and accrued interest of its debt.

Considerable space is devoted by the President to the importance of a due representation of the United States at the Paris Exposition in 1900. The fact is recited that the special commissioner delayed his departure for the French capital long enough to ascertain the probable demand for space by American exhibitors, and that his inquiries developed unprecedented interest in the proposed exhibition. The information thus acquired enabled him to justify an application for a much larger allotment of space for the American section than had been reserved by the exposition authorities. The result is described as gratifying, in view of the fact that this republic was one of the last countries to accept the invitation of France. Every reasonable assurance, we are told, was given to the special commissioner that the United States would receive, in respect of space, a consideration commensurate with the proportions of our exhibit.

In the part of the message relating to the navy, the President expresses the opinion that the increase thereof, to which the country is committed, should, for a time, take the form of improved dock facilities commensurate with the enlargement of the number of our vessels. Attention is called to the fact that, at present, there is only one dock on the Pacific coast capable of receiving our largest ships, and only one on the Atlantic coast, and that, moreover, the latter has, for the last six or seven months, been under repair, and, therefore, incapable of use. The President advises, consequently, that immediate steps should be taken to provide three or four docks of adequate capacity on the Atlantic coast, at least one dock on the Pacific coast, and a floating dock in the Gulf of Mexico. There should also be ample provision made, he says, for powder and projectiles, and for other munitions of war, and for an increased number of officers and enlisted men. Concerning additions to the fleet, the President concurs in the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy for an appropriation authorizing the construction of one battleship for the Pacific coast, and also of several torpedo boats, to be used in connection with our general system of coast defense.

Of more than ordinary interest is the long section of the message which deals with the present state of things in the Indian Territory. The President quotes with approval the conclusion reached by the Dawes Commission, that tribal ownership should be abolished, for the

reason that individual ownership is, in the commission's opinion, absolutely essential to any permanent improvement of present conditions. The President concurs with his Secretary of the Interior in thinking that there can be no sure cure for the evils engendered by tribal ownership, except through the resumption by the government of the grants of land to the several tribes collectively, and the subsequent apportionment by the United States courts of the land among the individual Indians.

Of course, the President reiterates his recommendation that the Hawaiian annexation treaty, now pending in the Senate, shall be ratified. He intimates that some of the objections to the treaty do not go directly to the document itself, but should be considered in connection with the subsequent legislation needed under it. As the President points out, what the conditions of the union of the islands to the Republic shall be, the political relations thereof to the United States, the character of the local administration, the quality and degree of the elective franchise vested in the inhabitants, the extension of the Federal laws to the Territory, or the enactment of special laws to fit the peculiar conditions thereof, and the regulation of the labor system therein, are all matters which the treaty itself has wisely relegated to Congress. The conviction is expressed that, if the treaty is confirmed, the wisdom of Congress will see to it that, while we avoid an abrupt assimilation of elements perhaps hardly yet fitted to share in the highest privileges of citizenship, and, while we pay due regard to geographical conditions, the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters with the largest practical political liberty will be accorded to the Hawaiians. No less, the President thinks, is due to a people which, after nearly five years of demonstrated capacity to fulfill the obligations of self-governing Statehood, comes, of its own free will, to merge its destiny in our body politic.

The importance of the Cuban question, in the eyes of this Administration, is indicated by the fact that nearly half of the message is allotted to the subject. The stress of the President's arguments is laid on the special inquiry whether the recognition of the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents is expedient at this time. It is a matter of record that the belligerency of the Spanish-American revolutionists on the mainland was recognized by our Executive before 1815, although our acknowledgment of their independence was not made until 1822. With this precedent before him, however, Mr. McKinley says that he regards the concession of belligerent rights as unwise and premature from the viewpoint of expediency, and, at present, indefensible as a measure of right. He bases this conclusion mainly on the views set forth by General Grant on an analogous occasion; views which are quoted in this message. It is not denied that the acts of foreign powers, and even the acts of Spain herself, might be pointed to in defense of a recognition of belligerency. The reference here, of course, is to the fact that Spain, France and England recognized the Confederates as belligerents before the first Battle of Bull Run. It is submitted, however, that the question of according or withholding rights of belligerency must be judged in every case in view of the particular attending facts. Always must the conflict be one which can be defined in the sense of international law as war. The mere existence of contending armed bodies and their occasional conflict do not constitute war in such a sense. Applying to the existing state of affairs in Cuba the tests acknowledged by publicists and writers on international law, President McKinley fails to find in the existing Cuban insurrection such a substantial political organization, exercising the ordinary functions of government toward its own people and toward other States, occupying such a territory and possessing such an organized force, as suffice to take it out of the category of mere uprisings, and to place it on the footing of war. For these reasons, and because he believes that a recognition of the Cubans as belligerents would inevitably involve us in friction and collision with Spain, the President pronounces a recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents to be now unwise, and, therefore, inadmissible. He says, at the same time, that, should such a step hereafter be deemed judicious as a measure of right and duty, the Executive will take it. Meanwhile, he holds it to be due to Spain, and to our friendly relations with her, that to her should be given a reasonable chance to realize her expectations, and to prove the asserted efficacy of the new order of things to which, by the Sagasta Ministry, she stands irrevocably committed. Of the President's long exposition of this topic, the final sentence is: "If it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization

and humanity, to intervene with force, it should be without fault on our part, and only because the necessity for such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world."

SPEAKER REED ON WAITING FOR EMPIRE.

IN the current number of the *Illustrated American*, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has an article, the purpose of which, evidently, is to throw cold water on the annexation of Hawaii, on the suggested purchase of the Danish West Indies, and on such intervention in behalf of Cuba as would make that island independent, and thus possibly lead to its becoming a member of the Union.

The Speaker's notion appears to be that we ought not to annex anything, on the ground that the slower the growth of empires the longer they last. Some of his alleged historical examples leave something to be desired on the score of accuracy. He informs us, for instance, that the Chaldean Empire endured for four hundred and fifty years; we now know that it would be more correct to say forty-five hundred. Incomprehensible is the statement that "Parthia, hardly remembered except for the 'Parthian arrow' in literature, once covered under the sway of 'poison-proof Mithridates' four hundred and fifty thousand square miles." The "poison-proof Mithridates," as it happens, was never king of Parthia, which realm, at the date of its widest extent, covered more than a million square miles. Of the Roman Empire, we are told that it fell of its own weight; on the contrary, it fell of its own hollowiness. It became rotten at the core. It perished at the hands, not of outsiders, but of men whom it had employed and drilled to serve as its defenders.

Of course, time is needed for the consolidation of an extensive State. But time is only one of the factors in an age where the applications of steam and electricity are manifold. A year may count for more than did a century in ancient and mediaeval times. The United States are at this hour incomparably more consolidated, more compact, more homogeneous, than was any empire of the past, or than is any empire now existing. It is to the British Empire, held together by nothing except ascendancy at sea, that Mr. Reed should address his exhortation, *De Britannia fabula narratur*.

What bearing, however, has the Speaker's advice against the premature and excessive expansion of empires upon our present situation? There are expansions which are absolutely necessary for self-defense. If Mr. Reed had been a Roman citizen in the third or second century B.C., would he have advised the Roman Senate and people to let Pyrrhus found a monarchy in Southern Italy, on the ground that Rome had not yet assimilated the central section of the peninsula? Would he have favored the establishment of a great Gaulish State in Etruria? Would he have forbore to fight for Sicily, and permitted the Carthaginians to place themselves there impregnably? If so, he undoubtedly would have averted all the mischiefs due to expansion, but there never would have been a Roman Empire. It would have been stifled in the germ. Recurring to our own situation, we may ask Mr. Reed, if he would oppose the annexation of the Bermudas, provided England were willing to give them up; the Bermudas, which once officially were reckoned an annex of the Old Dominion, and the tremendous strategic value of which to this country was fully recognized by the authors of our revolution? Would he oppose the annexation of Canada, for which the framers of our Articles of Confederation specifically provided? Does he not consider that the first principles of national defense require us to keep enemies at a distance? Has he ever met a military or naval expert who has not declared that the possession of the Hawaiian Islands is indispensable to the protection of our Pacific coast? Does he not know that the acquisition of Cuba by a strong maritime power would be fatal to our command of the Gulf of Mexico, and to the projected Nicaragua Canal? Is it not obvious to all men of intelligence that Spain, if unable to reconquer Cuba, would rather sell it to Germany than to the United States, as seventy-five years ago she would have been glad to sell her other Spanish-American colonies to the European powers represented in the Holy Alliance? Is it not wiser to defend the Cubans now against Spain alone, than to defend them hereafter against Spain, backed by her German assignee? What would become of the Speaker's axiom, "Empire can wait," if Germany were firmly planted in Cuba, and Japan or England in Hawaii? Undoubtedly, we should have to wait for empire a long while under such conditions, for

not a step thereafter could we move in a northern or a southern direction. But Speaker Reed may say that we would fight sooner than permit any European power but Spain to acquire Cuba, and that we would never suffer England or Japan to occupy Hawaii, even at the invitation of its inhabitants. What possible sense could there be in fighting great powers for prizes when it is too late, seeing that we can get them now without fighting under such difficult conditions, and perhaps without fighting at all; even in the case of Cuba, as certainly in the case of Hawaii.

We have no patience with the attempts of men, professedly Republicans, to thwart the purpose of the McKinley administration in the matter of Hawaii. We have even less patience with those who would frustrate the righteous desire of a vast majority of the American people to obey the dictates of justice and humanity by granting at least belligerent rights to the Cuban combatants for independence.

Throughout the Land.

A WEEKLY NEWS-SUMMARY.

POLITICS.

THE best news regarding Congress is Speaker Reed's opinion that the session will not be a long one. Through ignorance or through wisdom the people have long seemed to believe that Congressmen do least harm when they are furthest from Washington.

Is Canada going to pick a quarrel with us over the Alaska boundary? The Dominion's Minister of the Interior, just returned from the Klondyke region, is reported to have taken the official astronomer with him to consider "certain phases of the question that have to be looked into very carefully," and to have said that "the subject is a very grave one." Britain's policy has always been to "claim everything," but Canada cannot afford to be hated as cordially as Britain is.

Perhaps the people may suddenly find their hands full of the "cheap money" for which whole States and sections have yearned at times. A bill is before the Georgia Legislature to allow State banks to issue notes equal to seventy-five per cent of the paid-up and unimpaired capital. The only possible preventive of such issue, should the bill pass, is the national tax of ten per cent on all bank-notes but those of national banks—a tax which has driven all paper of State banks out of circulation. The Georgia plan is to pay the tax, under protest, and thus bring the constitutionality of the tax before the Supreme Court for consideration and decision. Should the Court side with the new banks there will be a great boom in the paper and printing trades, all over the South and West, silver will be downed again, banks will become as thick as real estate offices, and everything will be lovely for people who long for that kind of loveliness.

Almost all of our river and harbor improvements, as well as our fortifications and many other public works, are made by contract and under the supervision of engineer officers of the army, and cost fifteen or twenty millions of dollars a year, so the proceedings against Captain Carter of the Engineer Corps will be awaited with great interest. It is hinted by some Washington correspondents that some startling disclosures will be made, which probably means that some contractors have succeeded in overreaching the government. No suspicion of fraud attaches to Captain Carter nor to any other member of his corps; indeed, no one even heard of any army engineer becoming rich or even fairly well off except by resigning and going into business for himself; but contractors have been known to deceive the very elect, and there are too many of them at work for Uncle Sam to be watched as closely as some private employers might think necessary.

Congress is again to consider a bill to create a pension fund by a small assessment on the pay of government employees, for the maintenance of superannuated clerks in the public offices. Such a measure would be greatly to the benefit of the service, for every one at Washington knows of clerks who through age are incompetent to do much but draw their pay, yet are retained through pity, their work being done by others, thus increasing the pay-rolls steadily.

Among newspaper suggestions of ways of reducing the nation's expenses is that of displaying publicly in each post-office of the land a list of the pensioners of the vicinity. It is argued by many editors that this course would lead to the detection of frauds. Other editors, quite as troubled at the enormous outlay for pensions, insist that the savings on detected frauds would be exceeded by the additional claims that the spectacle of the list would prompt, some veterans assuming that they are quite as worthy of pensions as certain of their neighbors who are already on the list. It cannot be denied, however, that the moral result of wide publication of the lists would be good, for such veterans as are well-to-do and pose as patriots, yet draw money from the people for injuries that have long ceased to be disabilities, would be stripped of their pretense and exposed as money-grabbers of a very sordid class.

BUSINESS.

A large reduction in the price of white sugar is expected as soon as two new refineries, which are being pushed rapidly to completion, get to work. That the "out" will be permanent, however, can scarcely be hoped, for the reduction will be principally for the purpose of stifling competition. The new refineries together will produce, according to their owners' estimates, about seven thousand barrels per day; the refineries controlled by the "Trust," or acting in

harmony with it, produce almost seven times as much, and all the independent refineries except the two mentioned do not aggregate fifteen hundred barrels a day. A permanent reduction of sugar prices cannot be expected until the beet sugar industry becomes fully established in many States.

"What's in a name?" is a question to which makers and wearers of shoes have recently been enabled to reply "Much!" The Dingley tariff laid a duty of fifteen per cent ad valorem on hides, whereupon the Treasury Department ruled that calf-skins were hides—a ruling that was said to raise the prices of shoes from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Now, however, this ruling is set aside by the Board of Classification of United States General Appraisers, for the reason that the universally accepted name of the calf's epidermis is not "hide" but "skin," and the Dingley law admits skins of all kinds free of duty.

Alabama seems as fortunate with coal as with iron. The State mine inspector reports that there is not an idle mine in the State, nor more than one or two that are not worked to their full capacity, that the demand is greater than the output, and that all coal miners have work or can get it. Yet twenty years ago Alabama was regarded as a "poor" State—a State without natural resources aside from the soil.

Jewelers, clothing dealers, livery-stable owners and other business men have complained of reduction of business because of the bicycle, and now it appears that even street railroads are suffering from the same cause. The Chief of Pennsylvania's bureau of street railways finds the loss in his State is large enough for comment and investigation; a careful count and comparison for two days of the persons who passed a given point in Harrisburg from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. showed that more than twice as many were on bicycles as in cars, although the street was not one on which people would be likely to wheel for pleasure. The worst of it—from the car companies' point of view—is that there is no probability of a change backward.

Twenty-five thousand woolen and worsted mill operatives had their wages raised twenty per cent early this month, so the expected increase of prices of woolen goods may be expected soon.

As it is the fashion of some sentimentalists to insist that all cheapening of necessities of life has been brought about by grinding the face of labor, it may be timely to remark that at the recent meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers it was stated and generally admitted that in the last twenty-seven years the cost of steam-power had been reduced more than one-half. Steam-power at best is an enormous item of expense in general manufacturing; the reduction of cost has been attained only by devices which have created many new departments of work for the laboring class.

If all current stories about discovery and development of deposits of asphaltum are true there will soon be a sudden increase in the number of well-paved roads. Beds or wells of asphaltum have been found in California and Utah, from which States the cost of transportation is great, but Michigan's Governor, Pingree, of free potato-patch and other much-discussed enterprises, is said to have secured control of the immense deposits of Venezuela. The cost of asphaltum is merely that of dipping, barreling and transportation; the selling price to road-builders is out of all proportion to the cost. It should be cheaper at any American seaport than coal, and only a monopoly of the Trinidad source of the material makes asphalt roads necessarily an expensive luxury.

The much-abused cigarette is one of the very few articles in which trade increased during the hard-times period, according to figures in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. In 1895 about sixty-five million less cigars were made than in 1894, but the cigarette gain was about six hundred million; in 1896 there was a further decrease of about fifty million cigars, and a further gain of more than seven hundred million cigarettes. As the consumption of tobacco did not decrease there is no moral to this statement.

AGRICULTURE.

The Southern planters who are to hold a convention in Memphis on the 20th inst. to consider the condition of the cotton trade deserve the best wishes of the American people. All other agricultural products have brought good prices this year, but cotton is cheaper than ever before; on most plantations it has not repaid the cost of production, and the crop is so large and the markets of the world so full that another good growing year is likely to depress prices still more. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see what the delegates to the convention can do but exchange condolences and sympathies. Only scarcity of cotton can improve the price, and, aside from accidents, nothing can cause scarcity but less planting; but cotton-farmers, like corn-farmers and wheat-farmers, seem mentally and physically incompetent, as a class, to vary their crops. The convention might do much good by restricting its discussions to the single topic, "The Handicap of Habit."

From experiments in seventeen New York counties it appears that the highest percentage and greatest purity of saccharine matter in the sugar beet has been obtained from soil comparatively new and containing much vegetable humus. The least profitable yield was in some of the older counties where the soil had been steadily tilled for nearly a century. From this it would appear that the Southern States have a new inducement to clear and "break up" their millions of acres of land that have never been planted. The Secretary of Agriculture is doing a needed work by traveling through the South and reminding the planters that Louisiana should not be their only great sugar producer and that beets may be made as profitable as cane.

Kansas has again done something highly original. A Kansas farmer is feeding his hogs on horseflesh, and says the new food is cheaper and more fattening than corn at fifteen cents per bushel. The hog-raising business of the West was begun as an indirect means of getting corn to market, for fifteen bushels of corn, weighing nearly half a ton and worth not more than three to four dollars, can be transformed into two hundred

pounds of pork, which will sell for about ten dollars. As a means of getting horses to market, however, the hog has not been mentioned until now. The quality of meat is largely determined by the animals' food; Kansas is thus far silent regarding the flavor of horse-fed pork.

FOREIGN.

Much grave political comment upon the disorders in the Austro-Hungarian Parliament and the Empire has been made by the newspaper press, but the fact remains that the sole cause of the troubles has been racial feeling and jealousy. Austria-Hungary is not a nation, in the proper sense of the word, but an artificial combination of unadaptable races that have hated one another since they first came in contact, more than a thousand years ago; indeed, some of them have been nourishing an inheritance of hatred since the prehistoric times when they were savage Asiatic tribes. For protection against outsiders they cling together, like a mixed party of emigrants against a band of Sioux or Apaches, but race feeling is their sorry and only substitute for national sentiment. Each race—German, Czech, Hungarian, and Pole—herds by itself and suspects and hates all the others, and intermarriages between races, such as are rapidly Americanizing all strains of foreign blood in this country, are almost unknown. A hundred thousand typical Americans could do wonders for Austria-Hungary as a "blending" influence and example, but, unfortunately for the troubled empire, Americans are too well off to emigrate.

The British Lion seems doomed to find the Russian Bear in his path. He found him on the Indian frontier and in North China waters, and now he seems likely to find him in Africa. England knew months ago that King Menelik of Abyssinia had made a Russian military officer governor of some Ethiopian provinces, but it took the discovery of an immense quantity of gunpowder, shipped from Russia to Abyssinia by way of London, to remind the English people that Abyssinia is on the flank of the coveted "All British" route from South Africa to Egypt and the Mediterranean. Abyssinians are unsurpassed fighters, too.

There is nothing small in the German idea of indemnity. For the murder of two German missionaries in China the Germans demand the execution of the murderers, the punishment of all implicated officials, the rebuilding of the mission buildings, and cash damages amounting to more than a third of a million dollars, for the families of the murdered men. Thus far the demand seems only fair, but Germany requires also a railway monopoly of the Shan-Tung province, which has a greater area than the State of New York and two-thirds as many people as all Germany, besides commanding the largest river in China and the bay or gulf on which is the port of the Chinese capital. The Heathen Chinese will get from this a new perception of the uses of missionaries, as well as some convictions that will tremendously hamper missionary work in the future.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Most of the railway companies have been in financial straits for several years and deserve more sympathy than they will ever get except from men who make a study of the business; nevertheless, they make a grave mistake in trying to postpone measures devised and ordered for the purpose of saving life. The old-fashioned means of coupling still in use on more than half a million freight cars, causes every year several hundred deaths and sends several thousand men to hospitals. The law ordering a change to automatic couplers was passed nearly five years ago, yet many companies have recently begged for more delay, and rich companies have approved the request. The railroad people never did anything more likely to strengthen their enemies.

Governor O'Ferrall of Virginia is the latest assailant of the Southern pretense that lynchings are generally prompted by crimes against women. Virginia is one of the most intelligent and least negro-ridden States of

the South, yet the Governor says that in the last eighteen years Virginia has been the scene of sixty-eight lynchings, only fifteen of which had the pretext of criminal assault. If all Governors—at the North as well as at the South—will be equally fearless and frank, the people will be compelled to admit that lynchings proceed solely from murderous instinct and lawless nature, and that lynchers themselves constitute the worst criminal class of any community.

A Wisconsin woman has gained a verdict of five thousand dollars' damages against a water company which she charged with supplying water containing typhoid fever germs which killed the complainant's husband. The company took an appeal to the Supreme Court, as corporations usually do when a suit for damages goes against them, but the case as it stands will serve as a warning to many other companies who seem careless as to the quality of their water. It is to get rid of the disease germs in polluted wells, not merely to change the source of germ-supply, that people pay water rates to corporations.

Unless the bacteriologists quiet down, the people will in time be scared into extreme isolation. From Indianapolis we hear of disinfection or sterilizing of school penholders and pencils, from which otherwise the children may contract disease, and a German scientist warns us that germs of tuberculosis and typhus may be spread by books of public libraries. It might be possible to overcome the pen and pencil danger by private effort, but individual literary collections of public library size are practicable only to the wealthy few. Besides, individualism and isolation are of little protection unless they affect everything; we should have individual sidewalks, with a stratum of disinfected air set up on each side, and individual horse cars and railway coaches, and private chapels instead of great churches. Precautions so important should not be taken by halves.

SAVE THE PALISADES.

EVER since the settlement of Manhattan Island by the Dutch, "The Palisades," on the west bank of the Hudson, have been an object of admiration to all lovers of the picturesque. When all the country east of the Alleghenies had been wrested from the Indians no single bit of natural scenery disclosed was able to compete with the long range of vertical rocks, several hundred feet high, that faced the northern end of Manhattan Island and extended several miles beyond the New Jersey line into that portion of Southern New York that lies west of the Hudson. Except for the talus, or weather-detached fragments at the base, this stretch of rock, viewed from the river, presented a face almost perpendicular to the line of the river's surface and, unlike most cliffs, it showed a face that seemed to have been arranged by Nature in columnar masses, or palisades, so that the varying play of light and shade gave so enchanting a variety of effect that beholders never wearied of the picture. Bits of the Palisades have been painted by scores of artists, some of whom came from Europe for the purpose, and drawings and photographs of them have appeared in the most artistic illustrated periodicals of both hemispheres.

But the glory of the Palisades has at last fallen upon evil days and into the hands of men to whom rock is merely rock. Stone of the quality of which the Palisades consist is greatly in demand for building purposes and still more for street paving. Specially convenient to transportation facilities, to the greatest source of labor and also the best markets, the great cliff is being rapidly demolished, to supply foundations for houses and to be trampled underfoot by men and horses. There have been thousands of indignant protests, but protests cannot be exchanged for property, so hundreds of tons of the Palisades and much of their beauty disappear week by week under the influence of dynamite and human muscle.

Up to the present date the most that has been done

for the preservation of the Palisades has been the appointment of a joint commission, by New York and New Jersey, to urge the government to obtain the ground and hold it as a national park and military reservation. There could be no worse geographical position for the last named purpose, for were an enemy to gain possession of the position, New York would be entirely at its mercy. Nor would the government be justified in establishing a national park in a locality abounding in population and wealth. New Jersey for its own honor and New York for its own benefit should at once provide the means to save this picturesque yet not costly bit of territory from private ownership and utilitarian destruction. More money than is needed for the purpose has often been taken, and without a protest, from the taxpayers of both States, for the making of public buildings and other "improvements" which were of doubtful use and certainly of no pleasure to any eye that by nature or cultivation is able to distinguish between the slightly and unsightly. The powers of the New Jersey-New York joint commission should be enlarged at once, and the saving of the Palisades be made mandatory. Nature has some rights that business should be compelled to respect.—(See page 5.)

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

THE several special expositions that have been given in the last few years by sections and States have been so successful, popularly and financially, that the American people will look forward with great interest and confidence to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition that will be held at Omaha from June 1 to December 1, 1898.

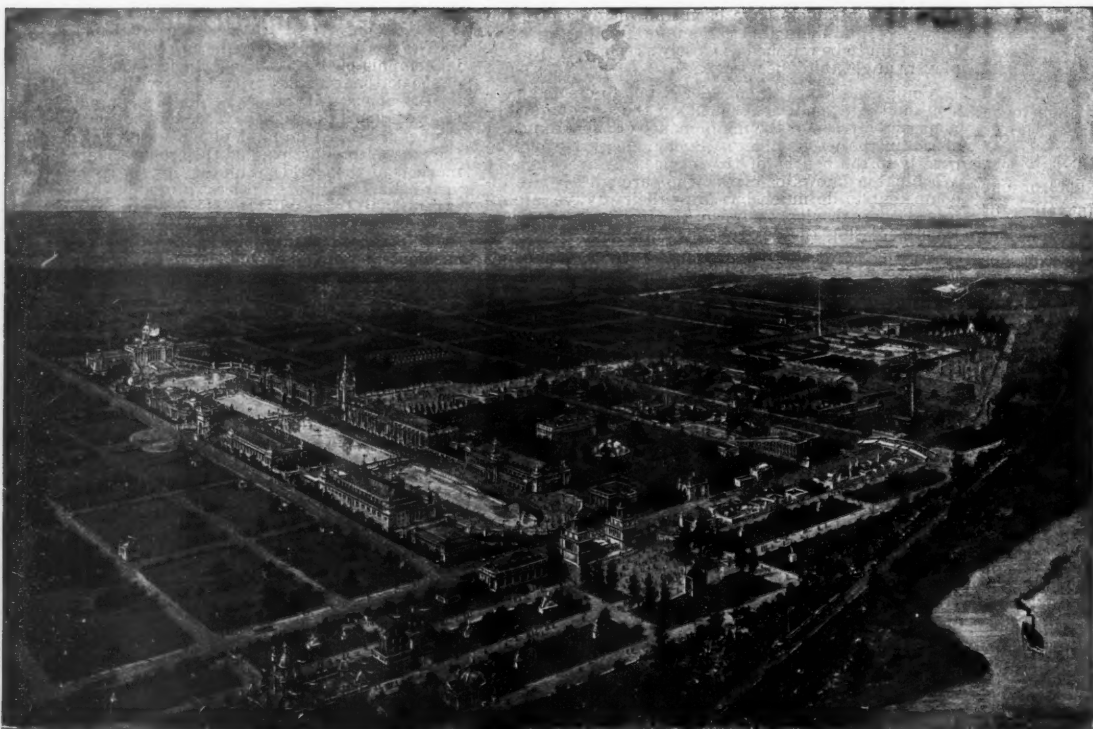
The selection of Omaha as the site is wise in the extreme, for no city west of the Missouri, until San Francisco is reached, has so large a population or is so near the center of trans-Mississippi population. It is equally true that no great section of the country is less generally known to people who are not special students of the resources of what may be called our mid-continent section. Almost all of the great mines of the Union are west of the Mississippi, and the agricultural possibilities of the section are indicated by the enormous wheat, corn and cotton yields of the newer States. But the people of the trans-Mississippi region will not be the only exhibitors. The great State of Illinois was among the first to offer participation in the enterprise, and the national government has taken an active part, by appropriations and a promise of a building, and also by an act of Congress that permits all foreign exhibits to come in free of duty.

The Exposition is assured of large attendance by its site alone, which is within Omaha's limits and within ten minutes' reach of the heart of the city; this will mean much to persons who remember the fatiguing journey, also within city limits, to the great expositions at Philadelphia and Chicago. The focus of the site embraces an area which is half a mile in length by six hundred and seventy feet in width; contiguous to this are other tracts aggregating one hundred and forty acres. The principal buildings will be those of the departments of manufactures, agriculture, mines and mining, machinery and electricity, fine arts and the liberal arts. The buildings will be arranged about a lagoon fed by the Missouri River—the true upper Mississippi—and the accepted plans show that they will be quite as handsome and as much in accordance with a harmonious architectural plan as those of the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. As at Chicago, the material most depended upon for ornamental effect will be "staff"—a mortar of light weight and plastic quality.

It is the purpose of the management to make the mining, agricultural and horticultural resources of the section more prominent and comprehensible than they have yet been. There is to be an exact reproduction of the noted Cripple Creek mining camp, samples of the bewildering variety of metals and minerals of the Central West, and practical exhibitions of the existing methods of treating ores. There will also be the first comprehensive exhibition of the horticultural successes, which have been great, and the horticultural promises, which are greater, of all of our national domain west of the Mississippi.

The lighter features of a great exhibition are not to be neglected. There are to be, in close juxtaposition, picturesque scenes of life in the Old World and in the New, in which some of the oldest civilizations will elbow American Indian camps, a dark colony, and a Wild West Show. Efforts are being made to add to the attractions a permanent military camp, to be occupied by large detachments from our regular army and many regiments of the National Guard, or militia, of the States.

The business management of the enterprise seems to be in good hands. Omaha has taken part with characteristic Western energy and liberality, and the many States and Territories of the trans-Mississippi section have promised much; some have already appropriated more money than they did for the Chicago Exposition, so all Americans who expect to travel next summer may feel assured that a great treat is in store for them. All who go from the East will be impressed by the fact, hard to comprehend, that far the greater part of our national area lies west of the Mississippi, and that all of this part is growing at a rate that cannot be imagined until one sees the country itself, its resources and its people.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PALISADES.—SCENES ON THE BEAUTIFUL HUDSON.
(DRAWN BY PARKER NEWTON.)

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

WHO IS
MR.
CADWALADER?

THE New York Public Library looks at last as though it were getting in shape. The Legislature has appropriated two million and a half for its construction, a design has been accepted, and the demolition of the hideous old reservoir, on the site of which it is to be erected, will presently begin. The style of architecture is, I learn, to be that of the Renaissance. I also learn that "although the plan is based upon classical principles, it will be modern in feeling, the purpose of the architects being to express the spirit of our times without slavishly following any particular method or without endeavoring to invent a new one." For which last the Lord be praised. Yet a style of architecture which is at once Renaissance, classical and modern lacks only the Gothic element to be complete. Why was it not thrown in? It would not cost a penny more and it sounds so well. But no matter. The deficit is to be supplied with "the Ionic order of columns," with "fountains," "allegorical figures," "pilasters" and "entablatures." So far so good. The more the merrier. But what of the library? In what manner are the books to be arranged? What facilities for getting at them is the student to enjoy? On this subject the trustees are dumb. Oh yes, here is a Mr. John L. Cadwalader, who says, "I intend to do all that the public can reasonably expect." Expect of whom? Of him? But who is this person? Through what stretch of lack-luster imagination does he fancy that he is to dictate to the public what it may and may not expect? I have never met the gentleman, and concerning him I experience but one desire, and that is never to do so. Yet I may assure him that while for our sins we may submit to a Croker, we are not to be bossed by a nobody in regard to a public trust.

ROCKEFEL-
LER'S READY
RELIEF.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is in a position which would be disgusting were it not ridiculous. Barring a few European and Asiatic potentates he has more money than any other human being—more than he can count, more than he can spend, more than he knows how to dispose of. With tastes so simple that he could live on a dollar a day and save money, he is in possession of two hundred and fifty million, and, what is worse, that amount, awkward as it is, is increasing at the rate of thirty-five dollars per minute. In sheer desperation now and again he turns to churches and colleges and begs for relief. Whatever they will take he gives. Occasionally he is foiled. Not long ago a parson refused pointblank to consider a donation. He said it was tainted. Vespasian declared that money has no smell. Nor has it. The scruples of the parson may be pretty, but they don't wash. The incident, however, might have afforded Mr. Rockefeller food for thought. Instead of seeking outside assistance any more, let him run a scholarly, refined, unsensational paper, one that shall appear six days in the week with the usual evening and Sunday supplements, and if he can find readier relief from his wealth than that it can only be in the graveyard.

WIT AND WIS-
DOM FROM
LOMBROSO.

Lombroso thinks, or affects to think, in any event says he thinks, that the population of the United States is largely punctuated by homicides. I don't blame him. Our repute is none of the best. Some years ago, an Englishman—the husband of Adelaide Neilson—visited this city. Among the letters which he brought was one to Florence, the actor. Florence asked him to dinner, and, incidentally, the most prominent men in town. They all came. Over the oysters you might have fancied them your own cousins, so beautifully did they behave. With the soup certain symptoms of irritation appeared, which the fish, or perhaps the wine, accentuated. During the service of the roast an ex-President made a statement which a bishop *in partibus* contradicted with every conceivable expression of personal contempt. Promptly the ex-President drew his gun, in the fist of the bishop was the gleam of a knife, the weapons of the other guests were just as sudden, there was a terrific fight, in which all took part, except, indeed, the Englishman, who had sought refuge beneath the table. He did not linger long in the country, and to the hour of his death remained convinced that during every moment of his visit here he had carried his life in his hands. Such, no doubt, would be the case with Lombroso were he to venture this way. And yet, curious as it may seem to him, the majority of homicides committed in the United States are the work of Germans when they don't happen to be the work of his own delightful race. In the statistics Americans don't figure appreciably except where the Southern negro is concerned, and there they can't figure often enough. That, however, is not homicide, it is duty.

AN ENTER-
TAINMENT
THAT IS
WANTED.

The Grandduchess of Gerolstein, who must be a pretty old lady by this time, has, it is interesting to note, just surprised London again. It was in the wicked imperial days that she first dazzled Paris, and it was in the equally wicked but far less imperial days of the Tweed ring that she captured New York. Aimée impersonated her here, and very well she did it, but it was Schneider who took the role in Paris. In an opéra bouffe regime the latter was queen of opéra bouffe. Her court was quite as splendid as that of the Tuileries, only, it has been rumored, a trifle more correct. A woman of lively wit, she had an art, which she cultivated, of putting kings and emperors in their place. Attention was first attracted to her through De Grammont-Caderousse, who, with the Marquis of Hertford—Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair"—and De Morny, the brother of Napoleon III., was the last of the great *viveurs*. But it was with this opéra

bouffe of Offenbach, produced during the Exposition of 1867, that she achieved her immemorial success. It went to her head. At a court function she drove up in a barouche which she had made royal with outriders. The lively being unfamiliar, an officer approached. "Announce the Grandduchess of Gerolstein," she murmured, and passed in, saluted by the guards. All of which is detail, immaterial at that. The point is we ought to have the lady over here once more, and with her the "Belle Hélène," the "Perichole," all those charming operettas which Jim Fisk provided to charm a generation now grown old and gray, but which would charm the present generation, too.

THE
NINETEENTH
COMMAND-
MENT.

Sir James Sawyer is advertised as advocating nineteen commandments through the observance of which one may reach a green old age. The last is, Keep your temper. It is so excellent that the others may be safely skipped. Anger is the recognized attribute of children and savages. I believe it does them good. To the civilized adult it is a poison. It congests the liver precisely as strychnine congests the brain. In China a mode of torture is to give the victim a voluptuous repast and then a dose of tannin. It does not kill, but he wishes it would. Anger is more potent. Superinduced by an artful nephew on an uncle who has dined wisely and well, it will do for him every time. This is one of the crimes that the law cannot reach, though not, perhaps, one which—as the late Judge Dowling thundered at a prisoner convicted of stealing a thousand-pound anchor—is alarmingly prevalent. Even otherwise temper must be avoided by people who want to live long. And yet in the remaining eighteen commandments according to Sir James there are so many other things which must be avoided also that the advantages of disregarding them and dying early must appeal to every man of taste.

THE QUESTION
OF
FREE WILL.

Mr. A. M. Howland has, in New Mexico, on a bend of the Rio Grande, established a little colony which deserves notice. It is a baby farm in the best sense, a collection of foundlings, who, removed from every contaminating influence, ignorant of evil, conscious only of good, will, this gentleman believes, develop into an ideal race. Everything being possible, perhaps they may. But in that case the result will not be due to Mr. Howland. It is an old saw, yet a sound one, that whatever happens, happens because it had to happen and because it could not happen otherwise. However actively the foundlings may co-operate with Mr. Howland, they will not be able to become anything else than just what they were intended to be. Should Nature destine one child to be brave and to be wise, wise and brave that child will become. Should she destine another to be vile and vicious, no effort can prevent it. Appeal is idle. Unconscious in immorality, entrancing in beauty, savage in cruelty, imperial in prodigality and appalling in her convulsions, Nature is not only deaf but dumb. She is governed herself. Her laws are ours. Fight free who may. Aspirations may rebel, they are snuffed like candles. A contrary belief is very general, but that is due to the fact that the majority, while fully aware of their own desires, are totally unaware of the causes by which those desires are produced. They confound the two, and fancy themselves free agents. Mr. Howland's charges will not be exceptions. Admitting the contrary, it is not in ignorance of evil that goodness consists, but in knowledge and avoidance of it.

AN APPEAL
TO THE
READER.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's idea of a National Academy of Letters has found favor in England. Or, rather, to be exact, it found favor in England before Mr. Warner's idea was expressed. This is but a coincidence, of course. Mr. Warner's ideas you can always pick from any one else's. They have the hall-mark of his own originality. Concerning the English idea we may expect to hear from Mr. Fawcett. Concerning Mr. Warner's it is timely to chat. Now, whom does he want, or, rather, whom can he get? There must be forty members, of course. No self-respecting Academy has ever been able to get on with less. In the first place, he will want himself. That goes without saying. There is one. Then there is Mr. Howells, as a matter of course. Then, also, there are Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Cable, Mr. Hawthorne, and—unless he has deserted us as has Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Henry James—there is Mr. Fawcett. That makes nine. Throw in Mr. Davis, Mr. Poultney Bigelow and Mr. Stedman, and that makes twelve. Mr. Joaquin Miller would be a good thirteenth. Mr. James W. Riley ought not to be neglected and shan't be. But—it only shows my ignorance—I can't think of another soul. If subscribers will help it will be an assistance all around. Whatever names may be sent will be published here, and geniuses unknown in this part of the country will thereby get their due. With the men-of-letters, so with the gentlemen. By repute I know of but five—Miss Thomas, Mrs. Cruger, Miss Amélie Rives, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Burnett. There ought to be more, doubtless there are. Will subscribers and readers in general assist?

THE BETH
BOOK.

Mme. Sarah Grand, the lady who wrote "The Heavenly Twins," has just produced "The Beth Book," her ninth book as some one somewhere insultingly characterized it—a novel which it may be assumed will come in for that share of abuse without which no novel can succeed and yet at which, curiously enough, every author writhes—or affects to. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, were I a novelist I would pay for opprobrious treatment. It would not be fame, but it would resemble it. The value of a book can only be gauged by the number of enemies which it creates. Popularity is all very well, but unpopularity is better. You never hear the last of yourself, nor does the public either, and that is just what spells success. Had this thing appeared twenty years ago Mme. Grand would have enjoyed all the delights of the pillory. In provincial centers she

may come in for them still. But no metropolitan critic—unless he reads what he is writing about, which is a very rare thing for a metropolitan critic to do—can conscientiously berate her. It is good work, and, what is more, good art—in spots, however. As a novel, it is too long. As a story, it is "Alice in Wonderland" for grown people—the study of an imaginative girl who, after the fashion of her sex, meets a man and marries him. Her heart is a home, his is an inn. The inevitable occurs. She leaves him much as Mr. Henry James's Lady of the Portrait does—only with less finish. But that is not her fault. She would have done better had she been let. It is Mme. Grand who is to blame. Mme. Grand has not a right appreciation of the manner in which a climax should be manipulated. She lacks reticence. That is the sin of the book. You are wearied before you get to the point and, when you do, you lose yourself in it.

A LESSON
IN
GOOD BREED-
ING.

Trollopian is, though, the only adjective that can adequately describe a scene which I shall venture to quote. Beth has been carrying on for all she is worth with a lad of her own age, a pupil at the neighboring vicar's. Suddenly his parents hear of it and eliminate him. "Beth was reading French to her mother next morning when they both happened to look up and see Mrs. Richardson, the vicar's worn-out wife, passing the window. The next moment there was a knock at the door. 'Can she be coming here?' Mrs. Caldwell exclaimed. 'What should she come here for?' Beth rejoined, her heart palpitating. 'Oh dear, oh dear, this is just what I expected!' Mrs. Caldwell declared; 'and if only she had come last week I should have known nothing about it.' 'You don't know much as it is,' Beth observed, without, however, seeing why that should make any difference. The next moment the vicar's wife was ushered in with a wink by Harriet. Mrs. Caldwell and Beth both rose to receive her haughtily. 'I must apologize for this intrusion,' she began nervously. 'I have a most unpleasant task to perform. My husband requested me to come.' 'Why didn't he come himself?' Beth asked blandly. 'Why does he make you do the disagreeable part of his duties?' Mrs. Caldwell and Beth waited for Mrs. Richardson to commit herself, but gave her no further help. 'The truth is,' she recommenced desperately, 'we have lost an excellent pupil. His people have been informed that he was carrying on an intrigue with a girl in this place, and have taken him away at a moment's notice.' 'And what has that to do with us?' Mrs. Caldwell asked politely. 'The girl is said to be your daughter.' 'This is my eldest daughter at home,' Mrs. Caldwell answered. 'She is not yet fourteen.' 'But she's a very big girl,' Mrs. Richardson faltered. 'Who is this person, this pupil, you allude to?' Mrs. Caldwell asked superciliously. 'He is the son of wealthy Nottingham people.' 'Ah! Lace manufacturers, I suppose,' Mrs. Caldwell rejoined. 'Yes,' Mrs. Richardson acknowledged with reluctance. She associated, as she was expected to do, with gentlemen who debauched themselves freely, but would have scorned the acquaintance of a shopman of saintly life. 'Then certainly not a proper acquaintance for my daughter,' Mrs. Caldwell decided, with the manner of a county lady speaking to a person whom she knows to be nobody by birth. 'But I still fail to see,' she pursued haughtily, 'why you should have come to spread this scandal here in my house.' 'Oh,' the little woman faltered, 'I was to ask if there had been any—any presents. But,' she added hastily, to save herself from the wrath which she saw gathering on Mrs. Caldwell's face, 'I am sure there were not. I'm sure you would never bring a breach-of-promise case. I apologize.' She uttered the last word with a gasp. 'Let me show you out,' said Beth, and the discomfited lady found herself ushered into the street without further ceremony. When Beth returned she found her mother smiling blandly at the result of her diplomacy. 'I think I fenced with her pretty well,' she said several times. 'A woman of her class, a country attorney's daughter or something of that kind, is no match for a woman of mine. I hope, Beth, this will be a lesson to you, and will teach you to appreciate the superior tact and discretion of the upper classes.' There is a scene which is not only complete but delicious. It is an example of the author at her best, and also at her worst. To give it the concision which it presents, a thousand words had to be cut from the text. They were all very well, but there were just that number too many. When Mme. Grand learns to be reticent she will learn to be great.

"THE TURN
OF THE
SCREW."

Mr. Henry James's work is a horse of another color. It is not good and artistic in spots, it is good and artistic all over. There is not to-day any one, any where, who writes as he does. He is the great master of English prose. Pater was admirable, so, too, is Mr. Meredith. But in the pages of each there are affectations. In Mr. James's work there is a simplicity which I can only describe as overwhelming. The manner in which it is produced is not due to any secret. One might wish it were. A secret may be surprised. It is due to temperamental ability—a gift which, presupposing the predisposition for it, demands a succession of re-births to obtain. In the present generation Mr. James is its sole possessor. One of its values is loquacity in reticence—the faculty of presenting the greatest number of effects through the use of the fewest number of words. In this—as in other matters—Mr. James differs from Mme. Grand. From any one of that lady's books you may, if you like, skip a hundred pages and never miss them. But skip a line of Mr. James's and the loss is distinct. This is particularly noticeable in "The Turn of the Screw," a novel which will shortly appear in this WEEKLY. There is a story which not alone makes itself read but from which not a sentence could be omitted. It is the triumph of art, and, incidentally, the triumph of horror. There is a romance of Bulwer's which, as a child, made me shriek with fright. "The Turn of the Screw" is superior. It makes you feel the reality of the unreal, and in so doing gives you a succession of chills little and great that you would not exchange for ducats.

THE IVORY
CASNET.

enjoyed the chills, put the manuscript in an ivory casket, locked it, placed that casket on a malachite table, went to bed, dreamed that it was lost and awoke comforted by the knowledge that he had been entertaining a nightmare. On the morrow he arose, took the usual fencing lesson, ordered out his tandem and toiled it over the Collis horrors into Central Park—a circumstance which will not serve to identify him, for every member of the staff tools a tandem except one, who does not know how, and who in consequence tools a drag. On his return he went to the malachite table, unlocked the ivory casket, put his hand in, and the chills returned, the nightmare, too. The casket was empty! The room turned round. For a second he experienced that dread of the intangible which has visited and will visit even the best. One of the traits by which a gentleman may be distinguished is his ability to face a crisis unrattled. He doesn't get in a funk. Of things which may affect him personally, he betrays no fear. It is the effect on others which disconcerts. This unhappy chap thought of the subscriber and wilted. Then he bethought him that it was time to act. He summoned the housekeeper, the butler, the footmen, the upper and under housemaids, and questioned them every one. Talk to cattle and you may fancy the satisfaction which he got. None of them knew anything about the manuscript. On cross-examination the housekeeper and butler deposed that no one had had access to the room in which the casket reposed. In the re-direct the maids confessed that they had omitted even to dust it. Then that unhappy chap began to question the validity of his own sensations, to wonder whether he might not be the plaything of his own fancy, whether he had not imagined the whole thing, and dreamed "The Turn of the Screw." But reflecting that, not being a genius, that was impossible, he went to the casket, looked in again, and there the manuscript lay. You may say that it is greswome. So it is; but it is less so than Mr. James's novel, and, moreover, it is just the kind of thing which is apt to happen after reading a story such as his.

RENOU-
NCE-
MENT.

Mrs. Meynell is a poet insufficiently known in this country, but whose verse, recently published here by John Lane, has a quality which will not die. It ranks her with the best. She has perhaps nothing very new to say, but what she does say is said with a delicacy which is pervasive, which is almost ambient, which seems to arise and penetrate from the print. In French there is a sonnet known as that of Arvers, which is recognized and quoted as the perfection of its kind. Mrs. Meynell has written a sonnet which in English must hold a similar place. Entitled "Renouncement," it is as follows:

"I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heavens'
height
And in the sweetest passages of song.
"Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright;
But it must never, never come in sight,
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
"But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
"Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

THE RIDDLE
OF THE
WORLD.

M. Guglielmo Ferrero offers, in the current issue of "Popular Science," an article on "The Fear of Death." I have not read it, and I don't intend to. But it is always what editorially is known as a timely topic. And that not alone because of the personal equation, but particularly because of the curious fact that the majority in considering the matter fancy that they will be less dead ten minutes after they do die than a hundred years later—a fancy which would be pathetic were it not absurd. Then, too, there is the significance of death which is always worth considering. Hamlet, it will be remembered, treated his hearers to a monologue on the subject, without, however, reaching a conclusion—a circumstance always interesting in view of the fact that but a little before he had interviewed his father's ghost. But, notoriously, princes have short memories. With the thinker it is different; he remembers that nothing dies, that when what is called death takes place that which was living resumes its germ state—or, more exactly, a state of being potentially alive—one that possesses the tendency to reassume a definite living form. It is this that he remembers. But what that succeeding form is to be he may surmise, but he cannot state. It is the riddle of the world. One of the most alluring solutions, transmigration, was dreamed by some poet of the past. It is in the Vedas, on the walls of Uxmal, and in the tombs of the Osorapi. To Christianity the theory is heretical; and yet, in spite of this, or, perhaps, precisely on that account, there is in every Christian a belief that he has been what he is from all eternity, that his soul has "elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar." It is an agreeable belief, and, what is more, it should banish the fear of death. If none of us are afraid of the eternity from which we have issued, why should we fear the eternity in which we are to pass?

M. Ferrero's article—which, as I stated, I have not read—suggests, however, through its title, another solution. Who studies the philosophy of history must note the aimlessness and sense of unreality which chronicles convey. And whoever studies the philosophy of life must note a similar aimlessness, the absence of actual goals, the same unreality which history presents. Add to this an acquaintance, however

theoretic, with what Sir Edwin Arnold has catalogued as the vastness of the agony of earth, the vainness of its joys, the mockery of its best, the anguish of its worst, and, thus equipped, the student will find himself quite prepared to agree that reality is a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself, a figment of fancy, which, in the absence of a thinker to think it, would break like a bubble. Plato held to this solution, so did Berkely, so did Fichte. It is not so long ago that in Germany it aroused both indignation and applause. Heine represents a burgomeister as exclaiming: "That man thinks I don't exist, does he? Why, I am stouter than he, and his superior, too." The ladies asked: "Doesn't Fichte at least believe in the existence of his wife?" "Of course not." "And does Mrs. Fichte permit that?" But, in spite of hilarity, the idea has its advantages, it answers the whole question in a phrase—It is not death we should fear, it is life.

Men, Manners
and Moods.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LXX.

THE PROPOSED
THRONING
OF
BRITISH
"IMMORTALS."

THE new Académie Anglaise talk is now agitating all literary London. That it was a clever advertising idea seems to be the general belief. I met one of the editors of the "Academy," an afternoon since (the London "Academy," I mean, which invented the proposition of an institute containing forty English immortals), and he was astonished to learn that the same impulse had thrilled the massive Gilderian brains of two editors controlling a New York sheet whose sacred name I will not mention. *Les esprits forts*, etc. But, apart from its lack of novelty, the British conception has wonderfully "caught on." The "Academy," each week, is deluged with letters. Some of them are amusingly angry; others are tedious; others are so idiotic as to be almost witty. The funniest part of it all is that Mr. Bret Harte should be mentioned as a candidate. His long residence here has suggested this nomination, but what on earth does he ever write about except American things and themes? Then poor Mr. Henry James is dragged in. Why? Because, an American by birth, he chooses to dwell in England, and has latterly written of English doings and misdoings with astonishing acumen? The cleverest of all the letters that I have thus far seen is one by Mr. Bernard Shaw, author of "Arms and the Man," a play which came so near making a tremendous hit both in London and New York. Mr. Shaw says, with great clearness of vision: "For my own part, I think an Academy of Letters should consist exclusively of men of letters—that is, men who write for the sake of writing, and not men who use the pen solely in order to convey information or spread ideas." This, if I err not, hits the nail straight on the head. It reminds me of certain literary compendiums of our own, where a lot of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher and speeches by Charles Sumner are treated as literature. They are not literature at all, except in a secondary sense. They are outside the work of "men who use the pen solely in order to convey information or spread ideas." Nevertheless, if this proposed English Academy of Letters wishes to rival the French Academy, it may bring into its assemblage Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Lecky, and certain other minor philosophic thinkers. But the artist in letters is incontestably a power by himself. One passage in Mr. Bernard Shaw's very keen-sighted mis-sive I cannot refrain from quoting: "No young man ever laid more violent hands on letters than Mr. Kipling to tell his stories—stories which have no inspiration in literature." "Violent hands on letters!" "No inspiration in literature!" Bravo, Mr. Bernard Shaw! I thank you, though I've never met you, and in the name of true art my astral body (if I only had one) would visit yours, provided it could, for the simple purpose of a congratulatory handshake!

AN INTREPID
ARCHÆOLO-
GIST.

Splendid and plucky alike have been the Egyptian exploits of Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie. He first went to Egypt in 1880, but for five previous years archæologic work had absorbed him. His manners are described as childlike in their extreme simplicity and sweetness. He lectures at University College from April till November, and the remaining months he spends in the East. Often he lives there in a tent, sometimes in a tomb. Everything that he finds is given away. Permission to excavate is subject to the conditions that half his annual *trouvaill* shall become property of the Ghizeh museum. Then the British Museum is allowed to take what it wants, and other museums, English and American, are allowed to share the remainder, since funds for the excavations are subscribed in two hemispheres. Among his most important discoveries, Professor Petrie declares, are the big tablet, first of those which commemorated the conquest of Israel, second, the Roman portraits, and third, perhaps, the exhumed skeletons and skulls. In one of the Ghizeh pyramids Professor Petrie found the fragment of an eighty-foot statue of Ramesses II, the toe of which alone was as large as an ordinary man's body. In 1885 he hit upon Naukratis, a town long and ardently sought. For days and nights at a time he would work in water black and bitter. His most painful experience, he declares, was the getting out of Hawara's body from the pyramid named after this potentate. With a host of men, during numerous weeks, he had to tunnel through solid brickwork. He and his co-workers were often compelled to slide along on their stomachs in passages choked with mud, pausing to bew their way into blind corridors and baffling chambers. The pyramid was built more than four thousand years ago by Amenemhat III. This monarch believed, too evidently, that he could challenge all eternity as regarded the place of his burial. But Professor Petrie was obviously not reckoned with in this

design of prodigious secretiveness. With infinite, almost incredible labor, he brought poor old Hawara's body up into the serene Egyptian sunshine. "There was now disclosed," says Professor Petrie, "the richest and most complete series of amulets ever seen." And to attain this treasure he had toiled three months, in a compartment at the bottom of a forty-foot well, black as ink when not lighted by candles, and half the time, as he describes it, "with the black bitter water up to my nose."

"WHAT A
PIECE OF
WORK IS
MAN!"

We all remember Hamlet's thought-freighted words. Things like the things that this Professor Petrie has done and is doing, make one recall the great Shakespearean outburst:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehensiveness how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

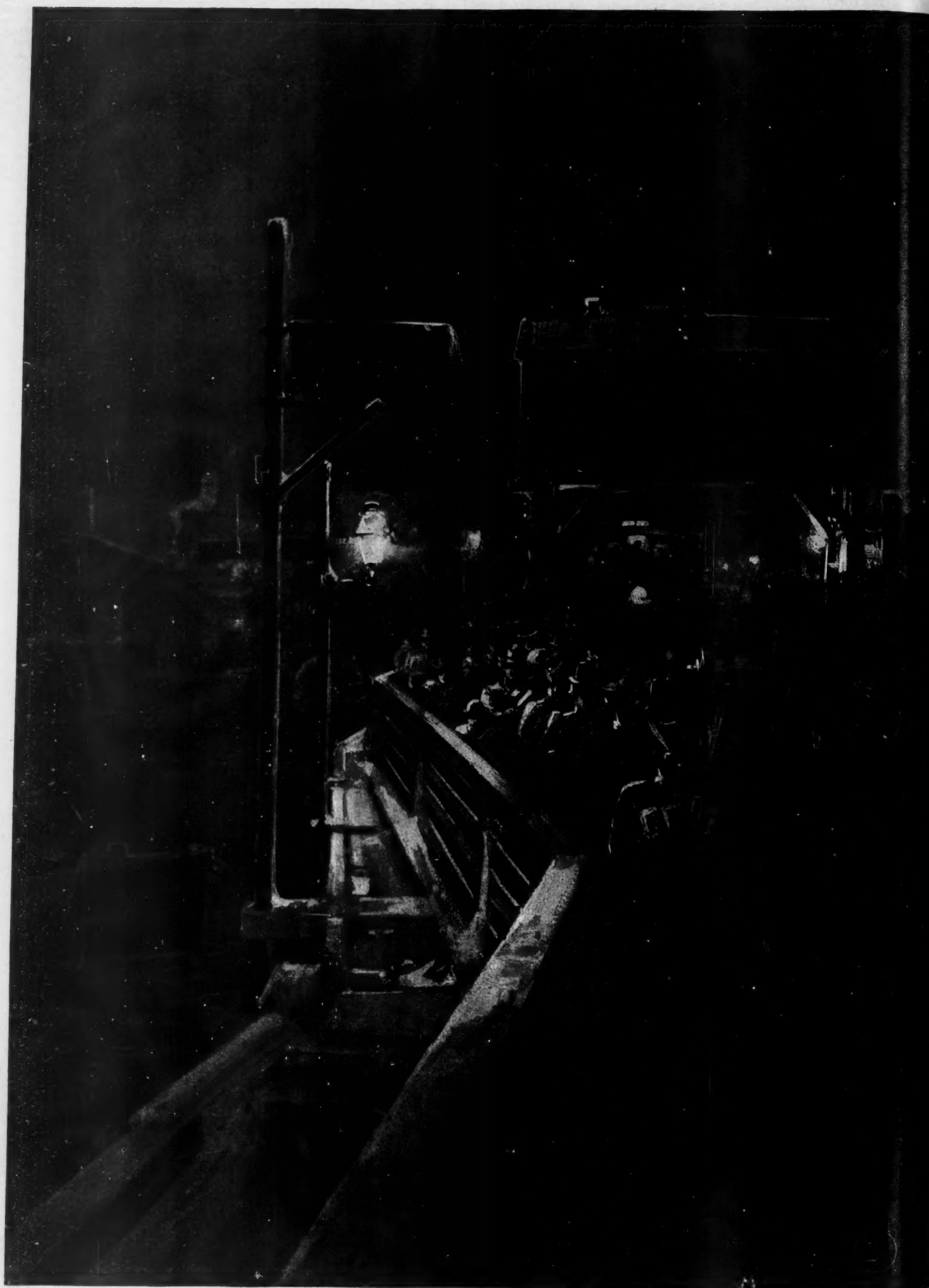
Yes, true enough—what a piece of work is man! They who sorrow over his sins, his follies, his vices, his madneses, his bigotries, his absurdities, must still hold at heart how marvelously he is made. Science pauses in wonder at the variability of his gifts. Now he is born, like Professor Petrie, with a passion to pierce the earth in quest of her lost historic records. Again, like Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, he pores over her dusty and half-forgotten manuscripts. Again, like poor Andrée and countless fellow-zealots, he strives to defeat the haughty blankness and impudency of her ether. Again, like Columbus, he is smitten with a divine itch to plunge ship-prows into the sands of almost unimaginable shores. Again, like Galileo, Herschel and Copernicus, he is gloriously tempted to wrest from heaven some solution of her multiplex and glittering problem. To-day we discover him a mathematician of miraculous keenness; to-morrow we behold him a singer of inspiration sublime. Yonder he is delving, with his microscope, amid the tremendously Little; yonder he is staring through his telescope at the tremendously Large. As an Edison, he snatches the very lightning from the clouds, and snaps it, like a scintillant and brittle javelin, across his heroic knee. As a Livingstone or Stanley, he presses through horrors cannibal, reptile, miasmatic, eager "to trace old Nilus to his silver roots." Ah, yes "what a piece of work is man!" Shakespeare was irrefutably right. And yet how heartily I should feel inclined to congratulate his august shade, if I should meet it, on having failed to be a contemporary of Judge Van Wyck and other Tammany triumphant at the present hour!

DENTIST,
DIPLOMATIST,
MILLIONAIRE.

It is said that the late Dr. Evans, dentist, left a fortune of more than seven millions of dollars. He came to Paris years ago, a poor man. He was small, but handsome, and with a manner unpretentious though bland. A certain Dr. Brewster was then teaching the French how extremely bad were all European dentists, and Dr. Evans was invited to assist him in this endeavor. Here was the first stepping-stone. Napoleon III. was distressed by certain defective teeth. *Voilà!* Evans had his chance. Then there rose between the Emperor and himself a curious diplomatic intimacy. To other sovereigns Napoleon would sometimes show his teeth, but Evans contrived that they always had a very respectable look. There is no doubt that he bore many a clandestine message to foreign courts. The teeth are close to the ear, and he managed to possess himself of both. In Russia the Czar made him a baron, and in France imperial clemency would doubtless have made him a count had he so desired—had he not shrank from becoming an object of that holy horror with which we Americans regard all who "desert" the star-spangled banner. (It is a curious fact that hundreds of thousands of persons have been "deserting" their flags for ours during a century past, and yet have somehow never been called any bad names in consequence.) Never, surely, in the entire history of dental supremacy and success, has there been a dentist of such social importance. His skill at manipulating molars must have been supplemented by special personal charm; for the Empress Eugénie didn't, as a rule, waste her time on tedious people, and she is affirmed to have given him audiences of hours, during which she pointed out to him all those parts of Paris which the Baron Haussmann would soon improve. "Follow me," said her Majesty, with immense graciousness; and Evans did follow her, in purchase after purchase of land. As a result he became enormously rich, and the Empress really made him so. Some people think it grand to live that they may accomplish a revenge. Evans was more fortunate; he lived to express a gratitude, and he did it rather finely, too. When Eugénie was almost wild with terror, hearing the brute raldries of the Commune and seeing the monitory ghost of Marie Antoinette, he clad her in his wife's clothes and brought her on his private yacht safely across the Channel. She had said to him in the past: "You shall have millions!"—thus paying the largest dentist's bill (which to a New Yorker has marked significance) ever yet conceived of. In turn, he afterward said to her: "You shall have life and liberty." And so, with a magnificent flourish of signature, the bill, as one might say, was receipted. Empress and dentist were forever afterward quits.

THE BATTLE
OF THE
BARONETS.

The baronets of England are in a really dreadful state of ferment. The true ones will endure no longer that the false ones shall be addressed as "Sir" John, George and James. They think it quite too awful for anything that such miscreants should be allowed to strut unmolested through the United Kingdom. I have a forlorn fear that the haughty and impudent American Heiress may have had a finger in this bellicose pie. It isn't a matter quite so serious as the seal-fisheries or the Venezuela dispute, but international wars have grown, nevertheless, from small beginnings. The American Heiress, as we all know, turns up her nose at baronets, whether it be a nose of the Greater New York, the Chicagoan, or the San Franciscan type. She wants a duke, usually, (Continued on page 18.)

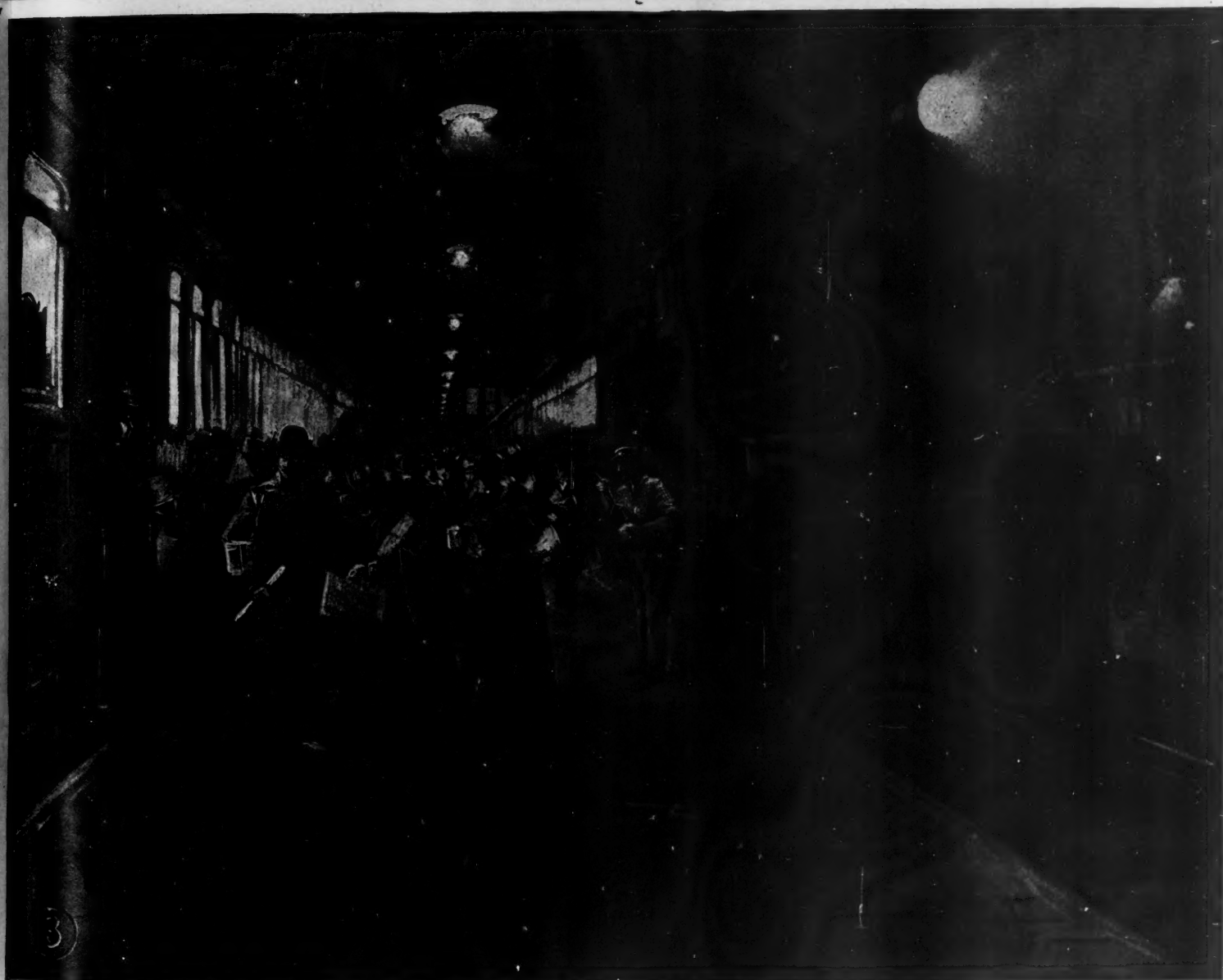
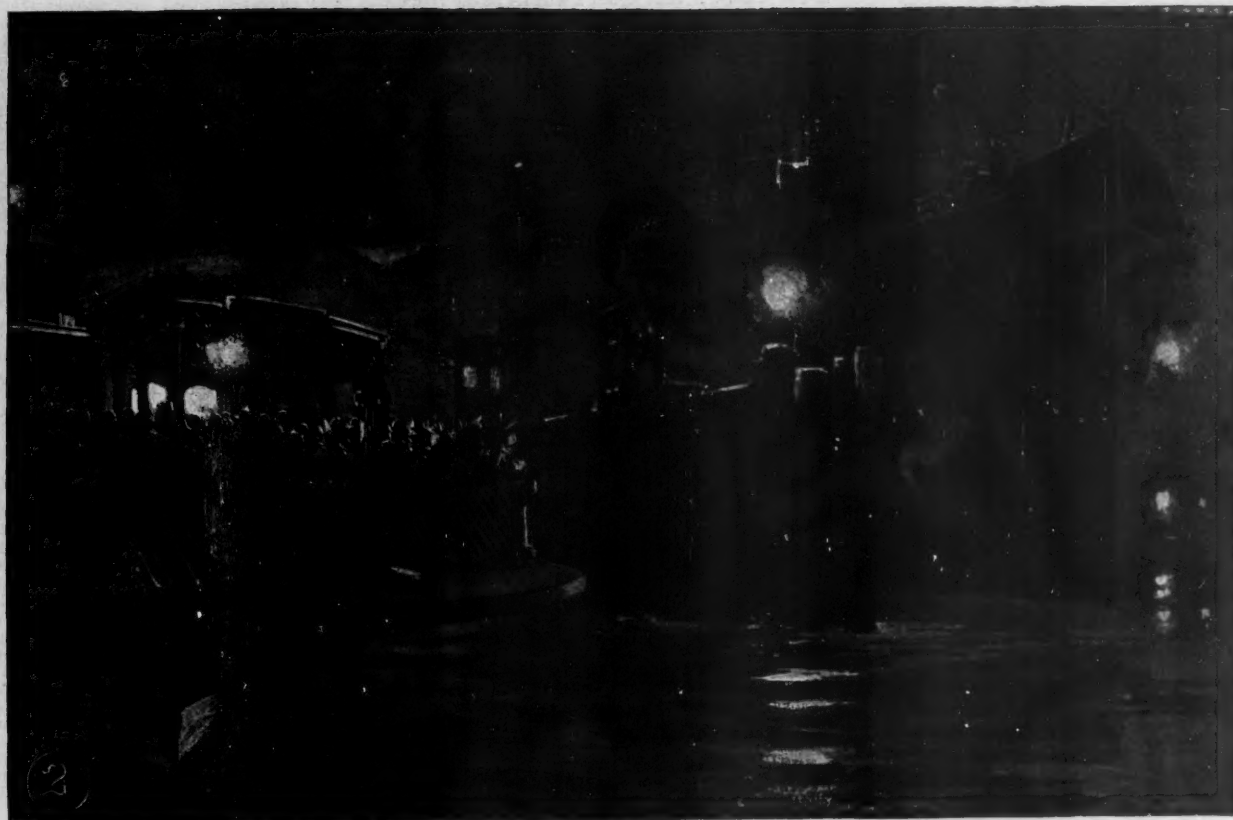
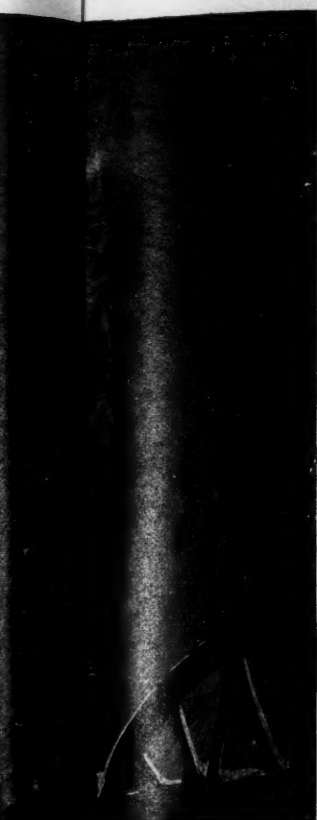


No. 1—THE THIRD AVENUE BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER.

No. 2—ON AN EAST RIVER

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—SUBURBANITES R

(DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONN



2.—ON AN EAST RIVER FERRY.

No. 3.—JERSEY COMMUTERS AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

URBANITES RETURNING FROM THE CITY.

BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

MEN, MANNERS AND MOODS.

(Continued from page 7.)

or nothing, though she has been known to content herself with an earl, a viscount, or even a baron. But the latter has his distinct matrimonial drawbacks; for when her first male baby is born he only becomes a mere "honorable," since barons never, as a rule, have any courtesy titles to bestow on their eldest sons. Think how tiresome to have the dear little tot brought to you, fragrantly powdered and half smothered in lace, and not be able to chuck him under the chin and say, "How are you, little tootsey-wootsey? Do you know that you're the Marquis of Featherbrayne till your ducal father dies?—or the Earl of Whitechapel till you get the full family title, Marquis of St. Giles?—or Viscount Viciousbloode, till, in the course of nature, you become Earl Facethatkills?" . . . But a simple baronetcy! Ugh! Why a girl from the "States" might as well marry any Brown, Smith or Jones who chances to turn up! All her children will be plain "misters" and "misses," and only one boy out of the whole lot will ever stand a chance of being called plain "sir." . . . No doubt the knightly souls of the real British baronets have long rankled at this continual transatlantic insult. However, there may be even weightier reasons for the "revolt," as they wrathfully term it. Sir Lambton Loraine, chairman of the original organization intended to make or an impostors tremble in their shameful shoes, has lately sent forth the dire threat that all baronets' pedigrees shall hereafter be examined, and that when a flaw is found therein, the wretched creature shall be immediately communicated with, and (oh, ghastly fate!) invited to prove his claims. If he fails, an unspeakable punishment awaits him. He will be omitted from the Roll of Baronetage. Could Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition go further? And yet there are irreverent people who dare to talk of tempests in teacups. Meanwhile what reek the ireful baronets? "He is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just." It is all very well to ask one's self what home would be without a mother, and to dilate upon the piercing pathos of this classic ballad. But when it comes to considering the far more melancholy enigma of what England would be without her baronets, is there a costermonger in the whole kingdom who can answer that piteous question with a dry eye?

A FEW MORE REPORTEES.

The newspaper "repartee" craze is announced as *moriturus*, and will soon, I suppose, be succeeded by some other. London journals are constantly trying to interest readers in some "question," of which "What are the Best Known Repartees?" may be counted as one fair specimen, and "Is Marriage a Failure?" may be rated as another. American sheets, as we are well aware, have copied the trick, but somehow with much less effectiveness of result. Englishmen are oddly fond of writing letters to the public press—not a few of them exorbitantly silly—and of course those which the editor may choose to print and those which he may not, mean, each one, either a buyer or a subscriber. But the "repartee" carnival has brought out some very amusing communications indeed. Here is a sample: "An Irishman, M.P. for Cork, was forced to have his leg amputated. A friend, coming to his bedside, exclaimed, 'Well, I'm very sorry for you.' 'Why?' was the answer. . . . 'Because now you can't stand for the city.' . . . 'Sure I can't, can't I?' All right, though, I can at least stump the country!"

And another sample: Several years ago a French horse won the Derby. "Waterloo avenged!" cried a Frenchman, rushing down the course. "True," called out a Briton: "in both cases you ran very well!"

And another: Two rival manufacturers of French coffee met before a judge. The latter took up one of the contestant's empty cans. "I do not consider," affirmed the judge, "that this is an honest label. On the front you place, in large letters, 'Pure French Coffee,' and on the back, in small letters, in very small letters, you print, 'A Compound of Chicory.'" etc. The person thus addressed mused for a moment. Then he said, quite meekly: "But will your lordship kindly explain to the jury by what means you distinguish between the front and back of a round can?"

And still one more, a little tale which is declared to be recorded in the journal of John Wesley, renowned father of Methodism. This clergyman was brought before the Mayor of a certain town, charged with having wrought disturbance by street-preaching. "You ought to have known," said the Mayor, "that here this sort of thing is not permitted by the mob." . . . "Pardon," said Wesley, "but I wasn't even aware that this town of yours was governed by a mob." . . . There is great subtlety in that repartee. It involves more than a mere battledore-and-shuttlecock business. You see in it the sarcasm of the defiant fanatic, who fought valorously (however petty both his cause and conquests may now seem to the thinking men of to-day), and who founded a creed which influences, at the present moment, four millions of souls.

A FEW VEXING QUESTIONS.

There are certain questions which I am always asking, here in London, and which no one, as far as I can discern, is justable to answer. One is: Whence comes this peculiarly detestable metropolitan mud? A certain informant traces its origin to the gravel on the wooden street-pavements. But I will not have this at all, for the stone pavements of the sidewalks are almost equally plastered with it whenever the weather proves particularly damp. It is a black, viscous deposit, the hue of ink and the composition of molten lead. I begin to think that nobody is really aware what sources engender it. Rain certainly does not, for there has never been a London autumn more free from rain than this. One has simply a realization that some adverse potency has said, "Let there be mud"—and mud there certainly is. Of course a rain-fall increases it, but why should it be susceptible of increase? Why should it be at all? In New York it is made by the thawing of snow and ice. Here it is, in one sense, like the poet—*nascitur non fit*. . . . Again, I should like to find out why London teems with so many ugly dogs, and why the few attractive ones that you meet are so horribly expensive. You can seldom pur-

chase a pretty and companionable dog for less than five pounds at the lowest, and some of these are very dear at the price. . . . Still again I wonder at the ridiculous sums asked for books. New books, heaven knows, are costly enough, but anything old and desirable that you may come across among the shops and stalls literally dazes you by the sum requested for it. To get a good second-hand book for even a moderate sum in London is next to the impossible. Trash is marked high, and merit is placed beyond the powers of a scholar's too-often slender purse. . . . Then there is another point—the absurd prices demanded for all rare and delectable prints. The other day I asked how much it would cost me to obtain two fairly good engravings of portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They were both extremely small, and I had seen them hang, for weeks past, in the window of a shabby little shop in Great Portland Street. The proprietor told me that I could have both pictures for "two guineas the pair," but that he would remove them from their frames, if I so desired, and count off four shillings on the general amount. And these frames! They were of miserable ramshackle wood that could not have brought, in any conceivable junk-shop, glasses and all, more than threepence apiece!

THE LECTURING BRITISH NOVELIST.

A man of letters, here in London, told me, not long ago, that there had been surely one year in the recent career of Dr. A. Conan Doyle when that author had made ten thousand pounds. I could hardly credit this, for an author whose income is fifty thousand dollars must inevitably loom forth in one's imagination mantled with improbability, cowed with fable. But my friend assured me that he had talked over the whole subject with an editor of a magazine in which one of Dr. Doyle's late novels had appeared, and that this man's knowledge of the "market" was unerringly shrewd. It was so thorough, besides, that it enabled him to make an estimate of this kind to almost within the margin of from three to four hundred pounds. The fact, therefore, is distinct. On this account one can almost marvel why Dr. Doyle ever came to the "States" for the purpose of lecturing. Was he not misinformed as to the potential profits attainable there? Did he gain half as much by his lectures as he would have gained by his writings during that same given time? I think not. Twenty years ago the lecture platform was held as a lucrative venture for authors. Bayard Taylor would receive three hundred dollars a night for telling people about foreign places which Cook has now put in their power to visit almost as easily as if they were Long Branch or Montauk Point. But authors now go to pieces on the American platform because they no longer have anything interesting to discuss. These new popular English story-tellers are merely a repetition of their published works. I fancy that Mr. Anthony Hope must be perceiving this truth at Chickering Hall and elsewhere. It drifts to me that Mr. Hope is now being welcomed in America with great acclaim. Still, I doubt if he will return to England with many victorious shekels. He has written successful novels; but are they novels, despite their cleverness, which have attracted their readers into a longing to scan his personality? They have never roused enthusiasm, though they may have gladdened the hearts of booksellers. And, after all, it does seem rather hard on American authors that every Englishman whose stories chance to "sell" beyond the common, should seek to wring from us the last residuary dollar which the lecture-halls of our various States may have in waiting for them. Still, our American novelists usually reap, in these cases, their full revenge. What is read on the railroad and then tossed aside does not please that more thoughtful throng who assemble in kerosene-lighted apartments, eager to find some entertainment beside which the theatre is held a woful dissipation. Hardly without an exception, it may be said, the modern British novelist lecturer returns with a great flea in his ear after a tour as expansive as from Atlantic to Pacific. If exaltation rises because of such failure it is certainly pardonable. What American can contradict my words? I should like to meet one in the present state of bullied and overriden and undersold American letters, who could find the ghost of a really good controversial argument.

THE CHAP ON THE "CHAP BOOK."

Mr. Herbert S. Stone, of the "Chap Book," in Chicago, seems to be "catching it," and pretty hotly, at the hands of Mr. James Knapp Reeve, who edits "The Editor" in Franklin, O. "A more contemptible fellow than Herbert S. Stone of the 'Chap Book,'" alleges Mr. Reeve, "cannot be found in the ranks of modern journalism." This is surely hitting square from the shoulder, but other blows follow, in quick succession, such as these:

"Never having accomplished anything by his own talents, he finally succeeded in acquiring a rich father-in-law; and by the latter's aid he has managed to keep afloat a publication that is of no force, nor of value in any respect, and which has no apparent purpose other than to advertise a few books which are published by himself. Herbert Stone's journal has been for some months persistently libeling 'The Editor' and Mr. James Knapp Reeve. He has given us grounds for a suit at law, which our attorneys advise us can, without question, be carried to a successful issue. We have, however, little sympathy with that mode of redress, and feel quite able to protect ourselves and our reputation without invoking the aid of the courts. We do not, in fact, propose to pay much attention in any manner to this very little man, except to say that he has published statements which he is aware are false, and that at the very time of publication he has held in his own hands the evidence (furnished through our own mistaken courtesy to him) that they were false. In personal correspondence he has knowingly and willfully misrepresented us, and in this he has been aided and abetted by another of his own stripe, Clara Laughlin."

I cannot say that it does not strike me as ill-advised in Mr. Reeve to print so much indignation against Mr. Herbert S. Stone. Still, the wrong, I am sure, must have been grievous, or Mr. Reeve (who is a very kindly and also a very talented man) would not have so publicly resented it. Moreover, I myself happen to have

had certain relations with this same "Chap Book" "chappie" (if he will not consider the term too intimate and endearing), and they proved relations of by no means a felicitous kind. Mr. Stone, two or three years ago, coolly opened a letter which I had written to another gentleman—a somewhat private letter, at that—and also had the picturesque hardihood to write me a reply. This course didn't prove quite agreeable, and I couldn't help wondering whether he did sad, bad little things of the same kind to other people. Now I perceive that he evidently does, and that Mr. Reeve, who is my friend, is also my fellow-sufferer.

THE UNHANDSOME HANSOM.

"Do you pick your horse?" folk sometimes say to you in discussions that concern cabs and the being driven about in them through London. For myself, I always try to pick my horse, if the chance allows, though there are certain by-streets in which emphatically it does not. The kind of horse that almost everybody prefers is one that puts his head down and goes straight along, without a glance to left or right. Yet this kind of animal cannot always be found, and it often takes a practiced eye to tell him. The coachman's control over a hansom horse is most strenuous; his mouth is actually at the man's mercy. When you see a horse whose head has a continual tossed and flyaway look, you may be sure that he rebels against the downward drag brought to bear on his lower jaw. And yet somehow he will occasionally manage to run away. Only the other day there was a bad accident of this sort in the terribly populous region of Piccadilly, though one that escaped the worst results. You marvel that even the most contumacious of these cab-horses should be able to bolt at all, and it is certain that they are powerless to run very far unless their drivers lose their own heads and let them. As a rule they are fine horses; not a few of them are really splendid for endurance and speed. The uncompromising cab-discipline soon tames, too, whatever deviltries their spirits may harbor. And yet, only the other day, I was obliged to dismount from a cab, so violently did my horse kick against the curve of solid wood in front of me. It was perfectly evident that his hind hoofs could do nothing to my feet, legs or knees, but, nevertheless, the sensation of being kicked at was one which I found not altogether blissful. It was like dwelling in the continual society of some one who teems with dislike for you, yet is incapable of dealing you injury.

A PASSING GLANCE AT HENRY JAMES.

Mr. Henry James, incomparable among English-writing novelists, has lately purchased a house at Rye, in Sussex, quite close to the sea, and almost on the verge of Kent. I imagine that he will take frequent bicycle trips into the latter county, since the wheel is not seldom with him, nowadays, a source of pastime. Whether or no he will permanently abandon his handsome and commodious chambers in Kensington, I am unable to state. Still, as he told me, not long ago, his passionate love for the country has grown with growing years. These years, possibly a little over fifty, he bears extremely well. His large head, set on sturdy yet shapely shoulders, abounds in a beauty dignified, virile, yet curiously sweet. He has a mouth of peculiar charm; it is the "cupid bow" mouth, delicate, yet replete with manly force. His eyes are large, dark-blue, with the whites showing as much as the pupils—the eyes of a great poet, a great orator, and yet possessing a certain diamond keenness which dim lights conceal but which stronger ones intensely vivify. I have known a few men of genius in my life, but I have never known one so absolutely modest as Henry James. In any assemblage of people it is positive torture for him to hear himself or his works referred to. The *tête-à-tête* of intimacy, however, will bring from him a certain expansiveness, and then, though never in the faintest way egotistic, he is magnificent. You listen almost with awe to the tender yet stormy torrent of his earnest periods. Wit, humor, eloquence, are all at his command. In London he has many friends; until a year or two ago, if I mistake not, he was one of the greatest "diners out" in this monstrous capital. Of course a certain reaction has come, for which I am personally thankful, because I can now and then have a word with him, get a chance at him, and all that. . . . Nothing, by the way, has ever been sillier than the assertion made concerning Mr. James (one first exploited, I believe, by that popular past-master of fiction, Mr. Brander Matthews) that he is "a man without a country." Mr. James chooses to live in England, and for the most excellent of reasons. Though born in America, circumstances have impelled him, since the age of twelve, to dwell overseas. He was twelve years old when he left New York for a European residence and education. He returned now and then, in later life, to Boston and New York. Meanwhile England had become his natural home. He is only one, in this regard, of numberless others, yet because of his great fame and great ability, certain idle sneerers have singled him out as the target of their trumpery "patriotic" flings.

MR. LE GALLIENNE AND HIS TRADUCERS.

Hot shot is always poured upon Mr. Le Gallienne, for some reason, whenever he publishes a new book. Personally I know him, and have found him a charming man. Some of his books I have read, and liked. Why he should be denounced indiscriminately as a *poseur*, I cannot conceive. He is not "in it," on this head, when compared with Mr. George Meredith, who never wears of attitudinizing, and yet who has somehow, after years of neglect, after having studiously imitated several such famous and more successful contemporaries as Read, Dickens, and even Thackeray, has now bewitched the critics into pronouncing him wondrously "fine." The New York "Tribune," for two or three years past, has pelted Mr. Le Gallienne with puerile abuse. This was evidently the work of Mrs. Ella McCray Hutchinson, a lady whose blue pencil has grown, during several years past, from the mildest azure to the most violent red. In his new translation of "Omar Khayyam" I should say that Mr. Le Gallienne has made a mistake. He has adopted the verse of Fitzgerald, and hence thrown himself into directest comparison with that most fascinating of translators. But in doing this he has surely not com-

mitted the unpardonable poetic sin. His stanzas, though inevitably imitative of Fitzgerald, are full of an authentic fire and strength. Mr. Le Gallienne is unquestionably a poet. I should place him, thus far, below Mr. William Watson, but it is probable that from one or the other of these singers the best future poetry of England may be expected. Recently Mr. Grant Allen has come to the rescue, as it were, of Mr. Le Gallienne. So much of his late letter to the "Daily News" is both wise and winning that I hope I may be pardoned for quoting from it a few pregnant passages:

"On some rare morning when there has been no shocking murder in Hackney and no French aggression on English aggressions in Central Africa, may I venture to claim a little of your crowded space in answer to your Reviewer of Mr. Le Gallienne's 'Omar'? . . . The beauty of Fitzgerald's 'Ruba'iyat' is due to Fitzgerald; the beauty of Le Gallienne's (and it has great beauty) is due to Le Gallienne. 'Omar' is merely the peg on which either writer hangs his own peculiar fancies. Would you maintain, if Tennyson had once versified certain parts of the Psalms, that it was ridiculous, say, for William Watson to versify certain others? Moreover, your reviewer adopts an obviously unjust method of comparison when he picks out the best and most famous of Fitzgerald's quatrains to pit them against what he considers to be their equivalents in Le Gallienne. It would be quite easy to take a few of Mr. Le Gallienne's best, on the other hand, and to show that they were far superior to many—I would even say myself to any—of Fitzgerald's. Why, for example, did not your critic quote this stanza?"

"Mysterious mother substance, who are they
That flout the earth that made them? Who are they
That waste their wonder on the fabulous soul?
I can but choose to marvel at the clay."

Or this?

"This clay, so strong of heart, of sense so fine,
Surely such clay is more than half divine—
'Tis only fools speak evil of the clay;
The very stars are made of clay like mine."

I dare not trespass on the space sacred to the important interests of football and steeplechasing, or I would quote a few more stanzas such as this—

"Would you be happy? Harken then the way;
Heed not To-morrow, heed not Yesterday.
The magic words of Life are Here and Now—
O fools, that after some to-morrow stray!"

Or individual lines like this—

"Spring, with the cuckoo-sob deep in his throat."

And then comes this fine ending to a letter which is altogether admirable in its scholarly perception and its humane kindness:

"I am now an enthusiastic admirer of Le Gallienne, because I find in him qualities analogous to those which make me admire Keats, Swinburne, Fitzgerald—analogous, not identical. His note is individual. This curious and persistent inability of critics to learn by the mistakes of the Christopher Norths and the persecutors of Keats and Shelley makes one despair of humanity. What should we have said of a list of forty men of letters in 1820 which left out Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge? Yet one of your contemporaries made such a list of modern writers the other day, and left out our three greatest living poets—Watson, Le Gallienne, Davidson. Your Reviewer will laugh, no doubt. Sir, I am old enough to have been laughed at for praising Meredith and Stevenson; and I have lived to see the laughers give Meredith and Stevenson adulation which seemed to me extravagant and fulsome. A poet is a precious and delicate national possession; must we always do our best to chill and kill him?"

"Faithfully yours,

"GRANT ALLEN."

After this let the corksheaded and slanderous "Tribune" veil its eyes. It has gone on abusing Mr. Le Gallienne for a good while. But in all its alleged "critical" stuff it has not a person with one-tenth part the ability of Mr. Grant Allen. It has also frothed at the mouth, now and then, over Mr. William Watson, whose praises I delight to hear an intellectual reviewer sound. Yet, like all froth, the "Tribune's" "opinions" and "views" on every conceivable literary subject are nowadays born but to perish of their own fragility.

I.—MESSAGES.

LISTEN, listen, little flower—
When my lady wears you,
Whisper, of the knight who, bold
Picked your cup-o'-bells of gold,
To the breast that bears you.

Waver, waver, little song,
This must be your measure:
When my dear love sings to-morrow,
Tell her that I die of sorrow
Just for her sweet pleasure.

Haste ye, haste ye, little birds,
Should she seem forgiving;
Tell her—when the eve is still—
One would, were it her sweet will,
Gladly serve her, living.

II.—THE NIGHT IS A SEA.

The night is a sea of the deepest, darkest blue,
Where I rock with a will in that slumber-boat of mine,
And fish for a little dream, dear lad, of you,
With Love for a bait, and Hope for my fishing-line.

The night is a sea of the deepest, darkest blue,
Where I rock in my slumber-boat and work with a will,
And fish for a little dream to send to you,
Just a little dream to dream when the world is still.

Oh, the night is the dearest, deepest, darkest sea!
Oh, the night is a sea of the deepest, darkest blue!
Where I fish for a dream of you, dear lad, for me;
Where I fish for a little dream of me for you.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

Hawthorne's Vitascope.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

XLVIII.

DEFENDING MURDER.

MANY persons object to capital punishment altogether. Probably few would be found to defend it, save on the plea that it deters possible murderers from yielding to the temptation to put those obnoxious to them out of the way. It is not contended that executing a person is necessarily productive of any particular moral benefit to him. Often he remains to the last stolid and defiant, and ignorant observers admire his "nerve." Often, too, he repents on the same grounds that the devil is reputed to have done, when seriously indisposed. It is not a genuine repentance, and, were he pardoned, he would recover the freedom from moral restraint which had been responsible for his murderous act. Once in a while, he may undergo in very truth that change of heart which his religious adviser is so eager to effect in him, and so prone to announce on insufficient evidence. But taking the matter by long and large, we may affirm that not one murderer in a hundred is in the least reformed by the slipknot or the chair. Lifelong imprisonment would be a better form of punishment, so far as he individually is concerned.

Accordingly the law intimates that its penalties intend the averting of crime on the part of others. Even this position is open to attack. There are grounds for contending that the death penalty may stimulate instead of abating crime. In the times when death was inflicted for numerous trifling offenses, people would risk their necks for trifling things. The bloodier the law, the more indifferent the people. When men were drawn and quartered and racked and thumbscrewed, they seemed actually not to mind it; you would have said they were used to it, though, of course, in strict logic, no one can become personally accustomed to such attentions. Yet, in a sense, they were used to it; for when we habitually see others tortured, we appear to undergo a dulling of the nerves of physical suffering in ourselves: owing, doubtless, to the operation of some obscure law of sympathy. The usual is never the very terrible. Hang a man for murder only once in a century, and very likely it would have a stronger deterrent effect than to hang a thousand every day.

But this is upon the hypothesis that punishment as provided by law shall invariably follow crime, and without undue delay. And for that hypothesis the justification, in this country, is far from satisfactory. The law delays with one hand the condemnation it imposes with the other. This engenders a lack of confidence in its decisions—in the sincerity of them—which deprives them of the greater part of the impressiveness which they would normally possess. The mother continually threatens to spank her child; but the child has discovered that the spanking never gets beyond the threatening stage, and becomes naughtier than ever. It is a solemn thing to hear a man condemned to die upon a certain day; but if we know from long experience that there is not one chance in a thousand of his dying on that day, or for two or three years to come, if ever, we smile cynically, and congratulate him on his security. And if, after many postponements, he finally does arrive at the scaffold, the execution seems rather a wanton cruelty than a just doom. In the lapse of time, the continuity of crime and penalty has been lost; they appear unconnected events. Nor is this state of things less harmful to the culprit than to the community. During months and years he has been playing, under protection of his counsel, a game with justice. It is a battle between the statute and his wits. The hope of escape is always present with him, and therefore all opportunity for repentance and serious thoughts is removed. If, at last, all his struggles prove unavailing, he feels that his life has been forfeited, not to the outraged moral sense of the community, but to the superior power or ability of the counsel for the State. He feels himself the victim, not of the majesty of law, but of the malignity of lawyers.

This, however, is not all, nor perhaps the worst of the consequences of the law's delay. There is always a tendency, in a certain part of the community, and, it may be said, in some corner of the nature of every member of the community, to regard legal punishment in the light of revenge, and to desire to take into their own hands the wreaking of that revenge. To these persons, and to that tendency, the failure of prompt and certain execution of sentences affords a plausible excuse for illicit interference. Lynching is the crowning shame and disgrace of civilization, involving as it does the admission that law is a sham, and asserting that the remedy is to imitate the conduct of wild beasts. Lynching saps the vital foundations of the social structure. Legal executions are justified in measure as they are dispassionate, dignified and merciful. Lynchings are revenges, and actors in them are swayed by passion. They are less excusable than murders in which one man is pitted against another: a murderous mob is inevitably cowardly and degraded; and the greater the outrages they pretend to punish, the less is their right to punish them. For lynchers excuse themselves on the plea that the State is too feeble or corrupt to perform its functions. But the State is the People—is the lynchers themselves: and when the latter charge supineness against the State, they point the accusing finger against themselves. They have the alternative to conduct themselves with civilized dignity, or with diabolic deviltry, and they deliberately prefer the latter. They could as easily purify and strengthen the processes of law, as burn and torture negroes; and the reason they do the last instead of the first is that they better like anarchy than order. There is no escape from this conclusion in a land where the people rule and can make what laws they choose. A lynching mob is, in fact, the judge, the jury and the counsel, whose duty it is to arraign, sentence and execute the criminal, abrogating that duty, and rushing in a body upon their victim, and tearing him to pieces. Thus do they vindicate the principles upon which this nation of America was created! It is bad enough when, in a community,

isolated individuals are found fiendish enough to perpetrate cruel murders; it is immeasurably worse when, no matter upon what provocation, the mass of the community itself does so. The example, once set, rapidly spreads; we have already seen that lynching is done or threatened not against negro ravishers only, but against any one who may have aroused general hostility. Such a situation points to the time when no one's life or property will be secure from illicit violence. Sooner or later the lynchers will lynch one another. If there be any distinction between this procedure and that of murderous savages, it certainly leaves the savages, who never knew better, with the moral advantage on their side.

But never has an atom of sane argument been heard from the lynchers, or from their apologists; but only the hysteric ravings of disordered passion. Revenge is their sole thought and pretext; they even desire to lynch those who remonstrate with them. Revenge is sometimes pardonable in one who has suffered hideous wrong, and is either actuated by the insane fury of the moment, or has found no possibility of redress on the part of the community. But nothing can excuse the community for participating in acts of revenge. If a community cannot deal with crime by legitimate means, it forfeits its right to be a community, and, indeed, ceases *ipso facto* to be one. It is a horde of anarchists.

But though no provocation can excuse lynching, or mob-law of any sort, there is no question that all provocative causes should be removed. If there be no law punishing ravishing with death, such a law should be passed; and if the present law requires the victims of outrage to describe minutely in court what they have undergone, this should be modified. But above all, as I was saying the other day, the extreme license accorded to criminal lawyers should be curtailed. Let there be no chance that the innocent suffer; but let there be no possibility that the guilty escape, or that their fate is postponed. All these reforms, and any others, can be effected and carried out by the lynchers, when they cease to be lynchers and become human beings. It is our lack of civic virtue, and consequent failure to perform our civic duties, that are responsible for the state of things which lynching wickedly and impotently seeks to remove.

WOMEN AND CRIMINALS.

There has been much discussion of this subject of late. Women insist upon attending murder trials, and many of them take every means to evince their personal interest in the defendants; and this sympathy becomes strongly accentuated as soon as the defendant has been proved guilty. Adolph Leutgert in Chicago and Martin Thorn in Long Island City are the two most conspicuous instances, of late, of men who have aroused this sentiment in female hearts. There was a pretty girl, about nineteen years old, the stenographer of one of Leutgert's counsel, who was a daily attendant at his trial (though her duties did not require her to be so), and who, as soon as court adjourned, pressed through the crowd surrounding the prisoner, and put her hand in his. He held this hand, while conversing with other persons, for a matter of five or ten minutes, squeezing and fondling it; while the girl stood gazing up at him with a look of adoration and contentment, similar to that of a spaniel that is being petted by its master. There were many other women present who would have liked to do the same thing, and were only prevented by circumstances over which they had no control. The court was capable of seating about three hundred persons; and one day I counted the number of men in court, exclusive of those whose duties required their presence; and there were nine only; all the rest were women. There was no reason, aside from curiosity or sympathy, or both, for the presence of these two hundred and ninety-one women. A similar scene occurred during the recent Thorn trial, though the proportion of women was somewhat less; and when the convicted murderer set out for Sing Sing, he was followed by a perfect snowstorm of love letters, many of which were printed in the newspapers; and disgusting reading they made. What is the explanation of it all?

The women themselves cannot tell; for they have tried to do so and failed. Of course the interest in a murder trial which for any reason is conspicuous, is widespread; and an immense number of persons of both sexes follow its progress more or less carefully in the newspapers. Murder is the most interesting of crimes, partly because it is the illicit taking of a human life, partly because it involves the legal taking of the life of the murderer, partly because each one of us is a potential murderer, and partly because any one of us may be a murderer's victim. But to be interested in a murder, and to fall in love with the murderer, would seem to be two very different things. Of course, they are different; but it does not follow that the one may not be a more or less logical precedent of the other. Let us think it over. The prisoner in the dock sits there, possibly innocent; he is then in the position of one helpless creature with all the world against him. As a matter of cold fact he is by no means helpless, if he have a Howe or a Friend to defend him; but he appears to be so, and that is enough. He is the under dog in the fight, and he is assumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. That is quite enough to arouse the sympathy of an idle and unattached and unregulated female heart—possibly of some not quite so ill-regulated. She therefore is forthwith enlisted "on his side"; and of course she says to herself that she won't believe he "did it" until she has to. As the trial goes on, she hears the arguments for and against him; she imaginatively enters into the conflict, and is rejoiced when he seems to gain an advantage, and angry when the evidence goes against him. For she is no dispassionate judge, though at first she thought she was; she is a passionate advocate, and has begun to shut her mind against any argument to prove her mistaken. Consequently, as the net tightens about the culprit, she feels herself shut in with him, and like him fighting for life against an unfeeling world. A link has been established between them; and now, should the evidence be such as to compel even her assent, it will no longer serve to rescue her from her self-imposed thralldom to

(Continued on page 22.)



F. A. HOSMER.
President of Oahu College, H. I.



SAMUEL P. FRENCH.
Principal of the Punahou Preparatory School.



WILFRED H. BABBIT.
Instructor of Latin and Civics.

OAHU COLLEGE OF HONOLULU AND ITS FACULTY.

No matter what decision Congress arrives at regarding the annexation of Hawaii, that splendid group of islands must always be of interest to Americans. The dominant element in the republic is American in blood and sentiment, and the Hawaiian Islands are practically as much of an American colony as were the Ionian cities of Asia Minor colonies of Athens.

This dominant element it is which is demanding annexation, and foremost in the movement are the sons and grandsons of the missionaries who originally Christianized, civilized and Americanized the Hawaiian group. Oahu College, situated a few miles outside Honolulu, is under their control. They themselves have been graduated from educational institutions in this country, where they imbibed republican principles with their Latin and mathematics. They have in turn spread the light among the students of Oahu, and hence it is small wonder that the intellect of the Islands has revolted against a semi-barbaric monarchy. Knowing that Hawaii could not, standing alone, preserve its independence, they preferred to cast their lot with a great Republic, akin to them in blood and language, rather than be annexed to France or England, Japan or Germany.

The catalogue of the Oahu College for 1897 might have been printed for Yale or Princeton. A knowledge of the history of the United States is one of the qualifications for admission: it is the essential one, in fact, and the principal books in the reading course are by such American authors as Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne and Lowell.

The professors, as may be judged from their photographs here reproduced, are all young men, the majority of them descendants of the missionaries. If the originals of these photographs were seen in Paris or London they would at once be recognized as of the highest American type, clean-cut of feature and intellectually aggressive. Frank Alvan Hosmer, president

of the College and head of the faculty, is a graduate of Amherst; Arthur Burdett Ingals is also of Amherst; Wilfred Howard Babbitt of Williams College, Joseph Louis Howard of the Stockton (Cal.) Normal Institute, and so on.

Among the students of Oahu are many who, when they entered, were either natives or Japanese, but when they leave will have been thoroughly Americanized, knowing more of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and what they did in their generation than about tycoons or mikados or the royal ancestry of Liliuokalani.

Such is the educational aspect of the Pacific commonwealth now knocking at Uncle Sam's door for admission to his family.

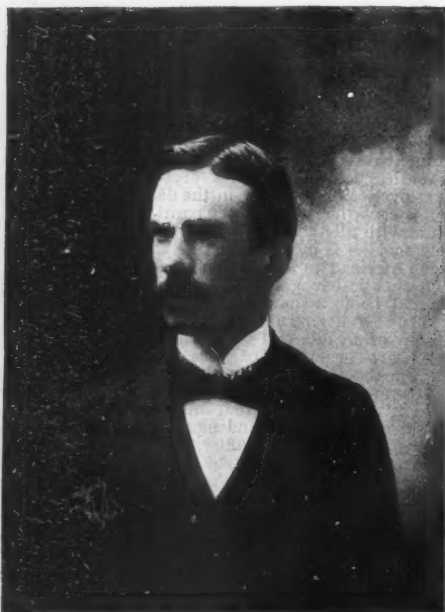
The College, like many other similar institutions, had a very modest beginning. Its matrix was the Punahou School, founded in May, 1841. This school received a charter from the Hawaiian government in June, 1849, and was chartered as a college in May, 1853, the Rev. Daniel Dole, A.M., father of the present Executive of the Hawaiian Commonwealth, having been appointed its first president by King Kalakua. His successors in the order named have been Rev. Edward Griffin Beckwith, D.D., Rev. Cyrus Taggart Mills, D.D., William De Witt Alexander, A.M., Edward Payson Church, A.B., Amasa Pratt, A.B., Rev. William Jones, A.B., Rev. William Channing Merritt, A.B., and Frank Alvan Hosmer, the present incumbent. The college has twelve trustees, two of whom, as the annual catalogue sets forth, were appointed "in 1882 by his late Majesty." Five of the faculty are women; namely, Anna Luise Hasforth, professor of German, French and calisthenics; Florence Kelsey, Greek history; Jessie Reeve Axtell, teacher of vocal and instrumental music; Bessie Foster French, painting and drawing; and Elizabeth Crozier, matron and teacher of sewing. By order of the trustees (according to the rules) all bills are due four weeks before the close of each term, and are payable in United States gold coin at the president's office in Pauahi Hall. The subjoined names, taken from Grade IV, of the students' list, will give an idea of the race elements: Frederica Wilhelmina Kaillika-

pulona, Charles Colin Cowan, Julia Mills Damon, Samuel Allen Jaeger, Belle Alice Howie, En Sue Kong, Shen Fong Lang, Gwentiolyne Athalie Kakapu, Samuel Hooker Kaleokalani Mahelona, Ruth Shaw, and May Frasher.
J. C. FLEMING.

As poisonous medicines, accidentally taken, kill more people than football, cigarettes, trolley cars or any other of several menaces that are much decried, it would be sensible for all apothecaries, without waiting for legal compulsion, to act upon the suggestion recently made by a newspaper that medicines dangerous through overdoses should be put in bottles of peculiar shape—bottles that can be detected by touch as well as by sight.

As some thousands of parents live in fear of the "old wives' story" that twins and triplets never reach middle age it is worthy of remark that several pairs of twins in this State are far past threescore and ten and that a Rhode Islander, one of three brothers born on the same day, has just died at the age of eighty-one, one of his brothers was alive two years ago and the third was past seventy when he died.

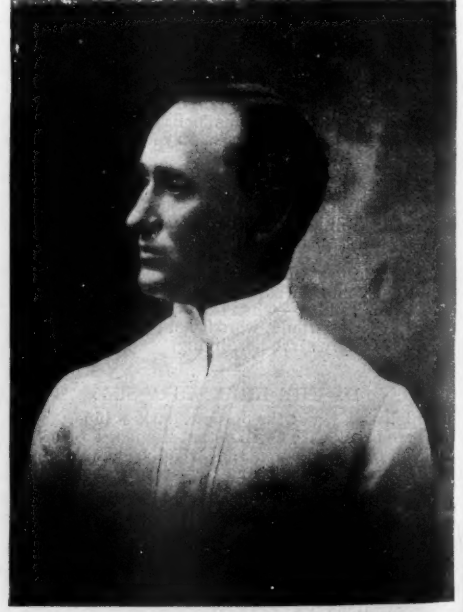
A GREAT anti-tobacco congress is to be held at Paris during the Exhibition of 1900, and the president of the French Anti-Tobacco Society is asking for suggestions that may increase the influence of the Congress's proceedings and report. Probably the best preliminary work that could be done would be the discovery that any single malady is positively due to nicotine, for although it is known that the essential principle of tobacco is poisonous the results thus far announced are so indirect that lovers of the weed persist in attributing them to other causes. The tobacco-chewing habit, common to all classes a generation ago, but since abandoned by all men professing to be gentlemen, was not given up for health's sake but because it was uncleanly and made men malodorous: were the smoking habit attacked on the same ground, and by women, it would be doomed. Unfortunately for reform, however, women themselves are smoking much nowadays.



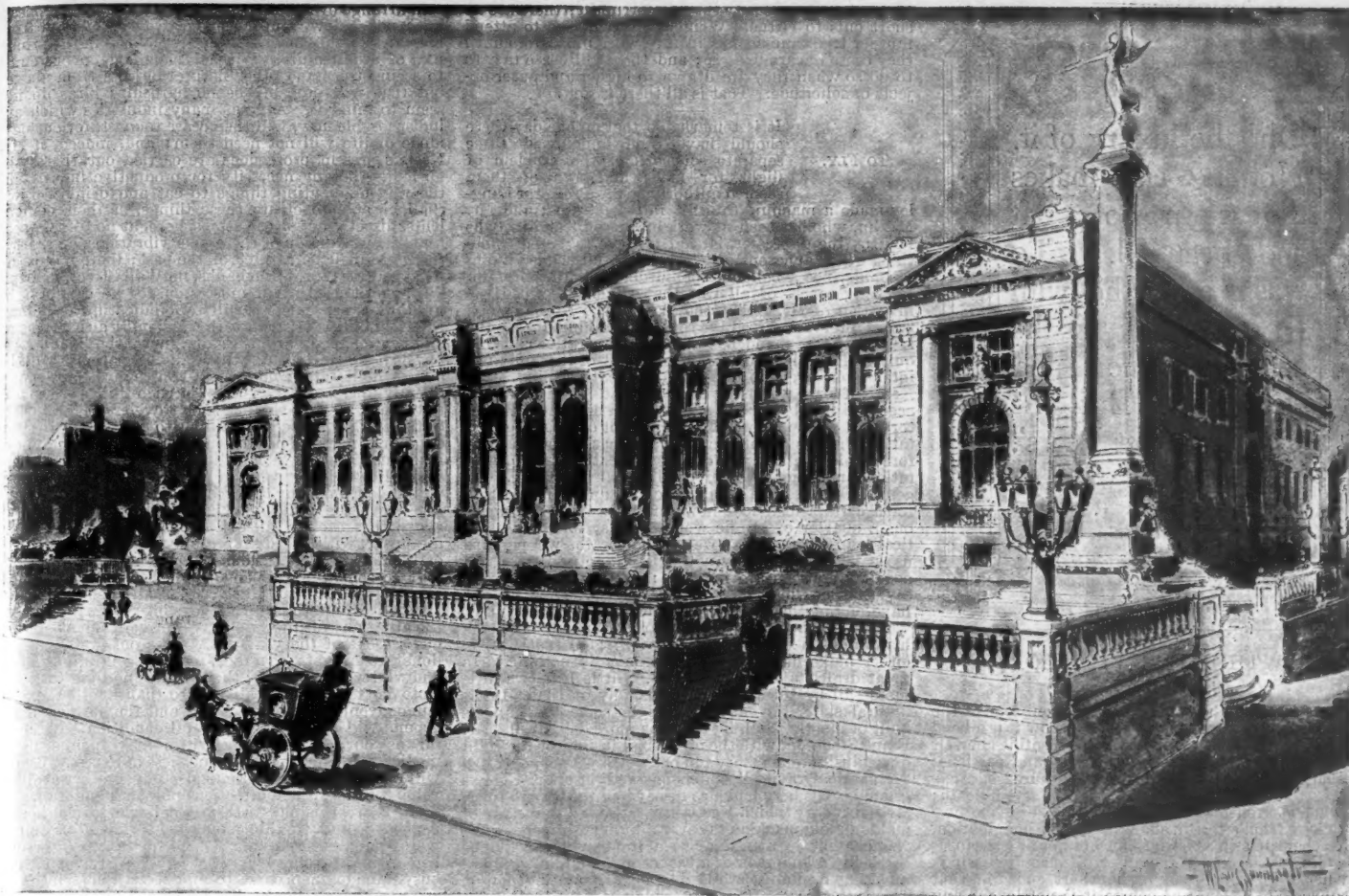
A. L. COLSTEN,
Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing.



A. B. INGALS,
Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science.



JOSEPH L. HOWARD.
Director of the Business College Department.



GREATER NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED.

(DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

AMERICA'S GREATEST LIBRARY.

THE New York Public Library, for which the Board of Estimate has just accepted plans for a building to be erected on the city's best avenue and near the center of population, will be an aggregation of three great beneficences and several smaller ones. The full title of the institution is "The New York Public Library; Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations."

Prompted by good judgment and public spirit, and enabled by a special act of the Legislature, the trustees of the Astor and Lenox Libraries and of the Tilden fund united, in 1895, in a single corporation—The New York Public Library—and perfected an arrangement whereby the city should supply an appropriate site and building in which the three libraries should be merged. The site selected was that of the old reservoir on Fifth Avenue, extending from Fortieth to Forty-second Streets, and bounded on the west on the same square by Bryant Park, which was the site of the "Crystal Palace" in which, in 1853, was opened America's first World's Fair. The site has a frontage of four hundred and fifty-five feet.

The plans for the building were selected from more than eighty sets submitted. They provide for an ex-

terior that shall be classical in general character, yet not severely so. Although but three stories in height, the building will have the impressive effect of altitude; for the ceiling of the second story, the windows of which are seen in our illustration, will be more than forty feet above the main floor, which will be more than ten feet from the street level, and the ridge of the roof will be about forty feet higher than the cornice, giving an entire height of almost a hundred feet. The material of the exterior will be white marble or limestone, with a deep bevel at the horizontal seams of the blocks. The portico will be forty feet high and about sixty feet wide, with three arched entrances. The columns of the portico and the pilasters on the front of the building are to be of the Ionic order, and the roof will be principally of glass.

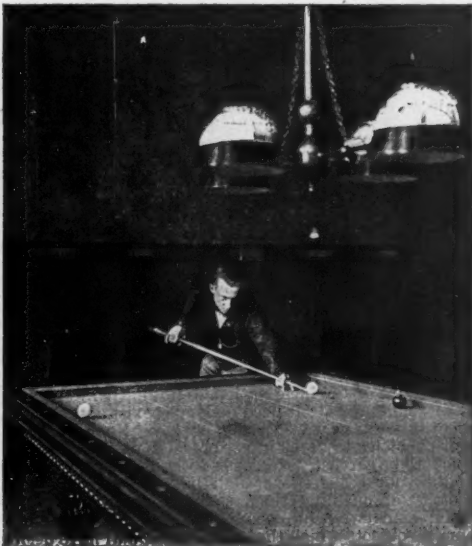
On entering the building, visitors will find themselves in a grand hallway eighty feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet high, with stairways at either side. On the south side of the main hall, and in the front of the building, is to be the periodical room; on the north side a room for juvenile readers. The rooms or "stacks" for the books will be at the rear of the building, and extending into the second story. The delivery-room is to be on the first floor, from which readers may ascend by stairs or elevators to the third floor, which will consist

entirely of reading-rooms, so readers will have entire quiet as well as abundant light. Such portions of the second floor as are not occupied by books of the issue department will contain exhibition rooms for pictures, statuary, the rarer books, manuscripts, engravings, etc., and there will be also a large lecture-room. The estimated cost of the edifice is two and one-half million dollars; the money has been appropriated, and the work is to be begun at once.

The trustees believe that they will have fully four hundred and fifty thousand volumes when the building becomes ready for occupancy. They already have about four hundred thousand, exclusive of pamphlets. The Library will therefore be more valuable than any other in the United States; some of the great circulating libraries may contain more books, numerically, but much of their stock is duplicated, as many copies of any book that becomes at all popular are required. The new institution will not compete with the libraries of which works of fiction form the greater part, although it will have a circulating department. It will be open every day of the week, the hours on Sunday being from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. No class of students or readers will be excluded, so it promises to be the noblest educational library in the United States, and second only, among English-speaking peoples, to the British Museum.



SCHAEFER.



IVES.



SLOSSON.

THREE FAMOUS BILLIARD PLAYERS.—VIEWS DURING THE RECENT TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK.

Pears'

Oh! the luxury of it. Nothing else makes the skin so soft and beautiful. To wash or bathe with Pears' Soap is the acme of comfort and cleanliness. But—be sure you get Pears'.

Economical—wears to the thinness of a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) Shaving Stick is unrivalled.
Sold everywhere—Used everywhere

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

(Continued from page 19.)

the murderer; on the contrary, it will only make the bond between them stronger yet; for now it is a bond of crime as well as of sympathy; she identifies herself with him; she enters into his thoughts and passions; she shares his hate of the person he murdered; she declares to herself that that person deserved death; and when she reflects that this object of her tenderness must die a felon's death, she is ready, in imagination, to offer herself as a substitute for him, or at least to sit with him in the chair. The first idle emotion which drew her to the court-room has, in short, ended in what she supposes to be love; of course it is not love in any high or pure sense, but she cannot discriminate; she feels that she is his, and thinks she would give herself to him if she got the chance. And it does not appear to her that this is a disgraceful state of things on her part; she deems it noble: "All for love and the world well lost!" can there be anything selfish, she demands, in such a passion? Is there anything better in this base world than devotion to the man you love—loyalty to him, through good and evil report? And if he be guilty, what more angelic service can a woman do than to make him the gift of her heart, and perhaps, in awakening his responsive affection, bring his higher nature into existence? Upon these lines does our love-sick maiden (if she be a maiden) move; and at no point of the journey is there a sense of violent change; one state merges insensibly into the other, and lands her in the ridiculous position of having her love-letters printed in the papers at last. But it must not be forgotten that all this while, deep down in the bottom of her unacknowledged consciousness, there is the knowledge that the whole thing is a play; she enjoys her emotions, aware that they can have no final consequences compromising her life, liberty or pursuit of happiness in other directions, or in future murder trials. It is like going to see a drama at the theatre, only the plot is more convincing, and is to a degree under her own control. She has had a long and intense sensation, secret and high-colored; it has been a luxury, and has cost nothing. That is to say, it has cost nothing but the sacrifice of certain refinements, delicacies and moralities which combine to give a woman whatever legitimate charm she can ever possess. Many a woman who makes her living on the street has more character left than have these murder-trial women who let loose their finer emotions in an unprincipled debauch, while they themselves, outside of the court-room, go about their daily avocations in the most irreproachable manner.

I have here been considering only the course of the affair after it has once started; inquiry into the motives that started it is another matter. Many of the women undergo a species of hypnotization, brought about by contemplation of the murderer's act. To witness a violent, terrible or unusual act will often hypnotize the beholder; and to see the person who did it, or even to hear of the deed and to dwell upon it intensely, will sometimes have the same effect on impressionable natures. It is but a slight effect of course, yet sufficient to concentrate the attention, and the rest comes of itself. In addition to the class of women we have been discussing, there is also another class who are frankly and obviously debased, and who come on purpose to hear shameful things. At the Thorn trial, for example, there were many women who attended purposely to listen to details of evidence so filthy in its character that men in the privacy of their clubs would not talk about them; but these creatures sucked in the rank indecency with faint grimaces of pleasure; and after it was over, left the court-room satisfied for the time being. There are forms of life which feed upon refuse, and these women were of that order. We all know them, and we all feel that were they expunged from existence life would be the better for it.

Is there any remedy for this? None that can be applied externally. Court-rooms must be open to the public, and women are a part of the public. There is in society at present a general laxity of moral tone, and women are the first to betray overt manifestations of it. If men live and think better, so will women. If women have wholesome occupations, they will tend less to unwholesome indulgences. These are old saws, but the reason they are old is, that they are true. It takes

longer to purify society than to corrupt it; there are no short cuts to virtue. Women will continue to attend murder trials and to fall in love with murderers until they cease to care to do so; and they will cease to care to do so when they are drawn to higher and purer objects of solicitude. That is all there is to it.

TO FLY.

It is remarkable that on one day there should have been announced three separate solutions of the problem of flight for men; and two of them seemed authoritative. Professor Langley made a machine to draw railway trains; and Mr. Maxim, who has been at work on the subject nearly as long as the Professor, is said to have invented something which apparently did all that a full-fledged flying machine, not a balloon, should do. But the most interesting report of all was that which described the invention of Mr. Keely, the man of the Motor, which has at intervals stirred the souls of mankind during the last thirty years, and has been the generative cause of quite a large body of literature, most of it wholly unintelligible even to the normal scientific mind. Mr. Keely, if only we could believe what is affirmed, has accomplished by far the most interesting and satisfactory feat of the three. For he has not overcome gravitation; he has counteracted it; he has found the lost force which acts in the opposite direction from gravitation, and is not less universal and far-reaching. He generates this force in his machine, and it is effective for a certain distance—how far we are not informed, but a quarter of a mile would answer for most practical purposes. When we say generate, we perhaps use a term which does not strictly apply to the case; occult vibrations are involved; it might be better to say that he liberates a latent energy. How he can have any of the force without having the whole of it, we also are not told; but we are assured that within his limits he can modify it at will; so that he can either make his machine weigh exactly nothing, or a great deal less than nothing, or a little less, or a little more—all by turning a peg this way or that. In its natural state, the machine weighs some tons, and is built of metal. Nothing could be more delightful. Mr. Frank Stockton, with the proverbial insight or foresight of genius, wrote a story ten or twelve years ago, called "Negative Gravity," which covered just Mr. Keely's ground. His hero had also discovered the way to liberate the energy which Keely has tapped; but instead of making a big machine to carry a number of persons, he was content to manufacture a thing which could be carried in a knapsack or a basket, and could be screwed up or down to any desired degree of levitating power. This is the ideal. You do not always want to fly; you are often content merely to take off some pounds from your weight, and keep on the surface of the earth in that exhilarated condition. You will take a fifty-mile walk, say; and you fix your machine so that you will weigh but fifty pounds during the journey. You get the fresh air and the most delightful part of the exercise; you pass without an effort the fleetest pedestrian on the road; and you arrive without fatigue at your journey's end. If you come to a high wall or a river or lake, you rise in air like a soap-bubble and transcend it—though it is true that in this case you have to be provided with some means of forward propulsion, otherwise you would merely hang aloft, kicking your legs in helpless efforts to walk on air as you did on the ground. Mr. Keely has devices of that sort attached to his machine, and this doubtless is the only reason he was obliged to give it weight; he must build rudders and propulsive planes, and have a machine to work them. But if a man weighed no more than a bird, it would not require a large tail or pair of wings to move and direct his flight; he would have to learn the way to manage the novel appliances, that is all. He would have learned long ago, had not the perils of falling during practice been so serious. But now it will be mere child's play; the time is at hand when all our young folks will be gyrating over our heads during play hours; and pretty soon, as in the history of the bicycle, our old gentlemen and ladies will take up the practice, and become experts, too, with much less danger of injury to their knees and elbows than was involved in mastering the magic wheel. One effect of the new departure will be a profound and permanent modification of women's dress; petticoats would never do aloft. The modern female hat must also be shorn of its flaunting excrescences, and everything in the way of redundant flounces and furbelows must come off; they will only be in the way, when the way is in the air. We shall have our clothing down pretty near to the lines of the natural figure; and our footgear will be of the house-slipper order; no need for thick soles to tread the clouds, nor of high heels when we are all heels overhead—over the heads, that is, of the old fogies who remain on ground. Our garments must be of wool, in order to secure warmth at high altitudes; or perhaps, in the process of evolution, our hair may be modified in such a way as to become a sort of feathers, overspreading the entire body, as with birds. We shall gradually become lighter in figure than now, and more graceful; we shall be able at last to throw ourselves into all those enchanting poses which artists have so long shown to be the custom with angels. Our chests will become deep, our lungs and hearts powerful, from the constant but not too violent exercise of waving our wings. In the course of a century, the race will have a very different appearance from that which it presents now. And how much more profound will be the changes in all the conditions of our life!

As this is the Christmas season, we may be allowed a little flight of the imagination. Gravitation, remember, is counteracted; it need no longer exist anywhere, except in so far as we choose to have it. No more ponderous vehicles to carry heavy objects; no more heavy objects to be carried. No roads to carry them on. In building our edifices, we shall be led solely by the necessity of enabling them to resist the pressure of winds; since we who occupy them, and the various domestic objects which they contain, will all have been deprived of weight beyond what is sufficient to keep us and them on the floor instead of on the ceiling. The doors of our dwellings will be on the roofs; we shall not be bothered by chimneys, because all heating processes will be done by electricity. Our æsthetic taste

will arrange everything so as to present a good appearance, not as now from the side or from below, but from above; and this means an entire change in the principles of architecture. We shall have to get accustomed to seeing trees and other natural objects from above; but that will probably be no hardship; birds do not seem to mind it. A great many industries which are indispensable now, will then cease to exist, for our new mode of life will not need them; and, indeed, if Mr. Keely's present professions are carried out, there will no longer be any necessity for productive industry in the way of creating things to eat and drink, for we shall be able to create these things, or their equivalents, directly out of the atmosphere, at no further cost than the production of the proper vibrations. Poverty, therefore, will be a thing of the past; there will be no money, or use for it; no banks, no Wall Street, no capitalists nor trusts. War must stop, for we cannot fight in the air except under penalty of eradicating all human life from the globe; and, with wars, must also disappear all that renders wars necessary now; the boundaries, physical and ethnical, which divide nations, will be almost obliterated; no custom-houses in the air, consequently universal free trade—in such things as are left to trade with. We shall be such travelers that all parts of the earth will become familiar to us all; but we shall care for earth, as a possession, scarcely at all; no more land questions, no monopolies. By far the larger part of our lives will be passed in the open air; because there will no longer be any bad weather for us; we can always rise above the clouds and bask in the pure sunshine, above the reach of all evil exhalations; disease must disappear, with the disappearance from our experience of the earthly causes which give rise to it. Our health will be something which would at present be almost inconceivable. Very likely, we shall spend all but a fraction of our time upon the wing; we can sleep on the air at any altitude we may find convenient at various seasons of the year. It will be our preference, no doubt, to migrate, as a race, north or south, in summer and winter respectively; there will be nothing to attach us to one terrestrial locality more than another, except our convenience and pleasure; and the surface of the ground will revert to its natural condition, save in so far as our æsthetic proclivities may incline us to modify, here and there, its rudeness or excess. Beauty will become our chief practical study, and we shall develop it in forms and directions now unthought of.

In short, this old earth might begin to feel herself neglected, and to think that her days of usefulness were over; but it would not be so. She will resume her ancient loveliness as it was before the hand and busy mind of man came to mar it with his selfish pursuits and greed; her landscapes will be fairer than ever, and the eyes that behold them will be better trained to appreciate them, as well as at leisure to enjoy them. She will be our mother as of yore; and when we come to die, we shall seek her bosom as the resting-place of what in us is mortal. Our point of view will be aerial; but the things seen will be of the earth, and she will be the cause of whatever is lovely in our dwelling-place of empty air.

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PROVING AN ALIBI.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.

(Continued.)

"He was when I left the room, but I will go up again and see. Are you going to London to-night, Mr. Bell?"

"No, I am going down to Cressley Hall and must catch the seven-o'clock train. I have not a moment to wait." As I spoke I took out my watch. "It only wants five-and-twenty minutes to seven," I said, "and I never care to run a train to the last moment. There is no help for it, I suppose I must go without seeing Murdock. Cressley will in all probability send down a messenger to-morrow for the papers he requires."

"Just stay one moment," said Wickham, putting on an anxious expression; "it is a great pity that you should not see Cressley's agent if it is as vital as all that. Ah! and here comes Mrs. Murdock. Wait one moment; I'll go and speak to her."

He went out of the room, and I heard him say something in a low voice in the passage; a woman's voice replied, and the next instant Mrs. Murdock stood before me. She was a tall woman, with a sorrow face and sandy hair; she had a blank sort of stare about her and scarcely any expression. Now she fixed her dull, light-blue eyes on my face and held out her hand.

"You are Mr. Bell," she said; "I have heard of you, of course, from Mr. Cressley. So you are going to spend to-night with him at Cressley Hall. I am glad; for it is a lonely place—the most lonely place I know."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "I cannot stay to talk to you now or I shall miss my train. Can I see your husband or can I not?"

She glanced at Wickham; then she said with hesitation: "If he is asleep it would not do to disturb him; but there is a chance of his being awake now. I don't quite understand about the papers; I wish I did. It would be best for you to see him, certainly; follow me upstairs."

"And I tell you what," called Wickham after us, "I'll go and engage a cab, so that you shall lose as short a time as possible, Mr. Bell."

I thanked him and followed the wife upstairs. The stairs were narrow and steep, and we soon reached the small landing at the top. Four bedrooms opened into it. Mrs. Murdock turned the handle of the one which exactly faced the stairs, and we both entered. Here the blinds were down and the chamber was considerably darkened. The room was a small one, and the greater part of the space was occupied by an old-fashioned Albert bedstead with the curtains pulled forward. Within I could just see the shadowy outline of a figure, and I distinctly heard the feeble groans of the sick man.

"Ah! what a pity my husband is still asleep," said

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Mrs. Murdock: She turned softly round to me and put her finger to her lips. "It would injure him very much to awaken him," she said. "You can go and look at him if you like; you will see how very ill he is. I wonder if I could help you with regard to the papers you want, Mr. Bell?"

"I want the documents referred to in Schedule A," I answered.

"Schedule A," she repeated, speaking under her breath, "I remember that name; surely all the papers relating to it are in this drawer. I think I can get them for you."

She crossed the room as she spoke, and, standing with her back to the bedstead, took a bunch of keys from a table which stood near and fitted one into the lock of a high bureau made of mahogany. She pulled open a drawer and began to examine its contents.

While she was so occupied I approached the bed, and, bending slightly forward, took a good stare at the sick man. I had never seen Murdock before. There was little doubt that he was ill; he looked very ill indeed. His face was long and cadaverous, the cheekbones were high, and the cheeks below were much sunken in; the lips, which were clean shaven, were slightly drawn apart, and some broken irregular teeth were visible; the eyebrows were scanty, and the hair was much worn away from the high and hollow forehead. The man looked sick unto death. I had seldom seen any one with an expression like his. The closed eyes were much sunken, and the moaning which came from the livid lips was horrible to listen to.

After giving Murdock a long and earnest stare I stepped back from the bed, and was just about to speak to Mrs. Murdock, who was rustling papers in the drawer, when the most strong and irresistible curiosity assailed me. I could not account for it, but I felt bound to yield to its suggestions. I turned again and bent close over the sick man. Surely there was something monotonous about that deep-drawn breath; those moans, too, came at wonderfully regular intervals. Scarcely knowing why I did it, I stretched out my hand and laid it on the forehead. Good God! what was the matter? I felt myself turning cold; the perspiration stood out on my own brow. I had not touched a living forehead at all. Flesh was flesh—it was impossible to mistake the feel—but there was no flesh here. The figure in the bed was neither a living nor a dead man—it was a wax repre-

sentation of one: but why did it moan, and how was it possible for it to breathe?

Making the greatest effort of my life, I repressed an exclamation, and when Mrs. Murdock approached me with the necessary papers in her hand, took them from her in my usual manner.

"These all relate to Schedule A," she said. "I hope I am not doing wrong in giving them to you without my husband's leave. He looks very ill, does he not?"

"He looks as bad as he can look," I answered. "I moved toward the door. Something in my tone must have alarmed her, for a curious look of fear dilated the pupils of her light-blue eyes: she followed me down-

stairs. A hansom was waiting for me. I nodded to Wickham, did not even wait to shake hands with Mrs. Murdock, and sprang into the cab.

"Central Station!" I shouted to the man; and then, as he whipped up his horse and flew down the street. "A sovereign if you get there before seven o'clock."

We were soon dashing quickly along the streets. I did not know Liverpool well, and consequently could not exactly tell where the man was going. When I got into the hansom it wanted twelve minutes to seven o'clock; these minutes were quickly flying, and still no station.

"Are you sure you are going right?" I shouted through the hole in the roof.

"You'll be there in a minute, sir," he answered.

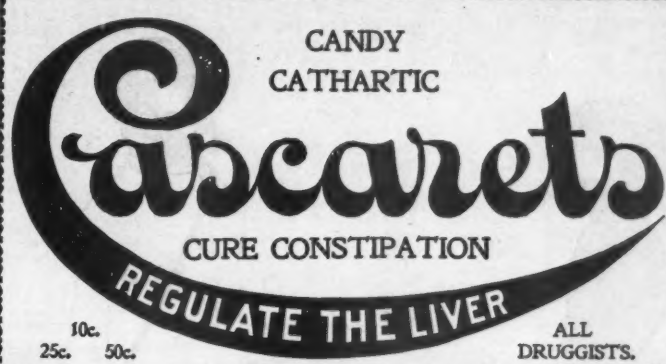
"It's Lime Street Station you want, isn't it?"

"No, Central Station," I answered. "I told you Central Station. Drive there at once like the very devil. I must catch that train, for it is the last one to-night."

"All right, sir, I can do it," he cried, whipping up his horse again.

Once more I pulled out my watch; the hands pointed to three minutes to seven.

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"To Brent, sir? The last train has just gone," said the clerk, with an impassive stare at me through the little window.

I flung my bag down in disgust and swore a great oath. But for that idiot of a driver I should have just caught the train. All of a sudden a horrible thought flashed through my brain. Had the cabman been bribed by Wickham? No directions could have been plainer than mine. I had told the man to drive to Central Station. Central Station did not sound the least like Lime Street Station. How was it possible for him to make so grave a mistake?

The more I considered the matter the more certain I was that a black plot was brewing, and that Wickham was in the thick of it. My brain began to whirl with excitement. What was the matter? Why was a lay figure in Murdock's bed? Why had I been taken upstairs to see it?

(To be continued.)

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The manager refused the request, saying that the cargo was for Dawson City and that much of it was in bond. To disturb bonded goods is a serious offense, under the law of the United States. Nevertheless, when the chairman of the committee sounded a whistle a body of about fifty armed men appeared on the bluff of the river bank, and the manager was warned not to put a man in his pilot-house. Then the miners proceeded to remove the desired goods from the boat, checking the packages in proper steamboat-landing order. The unloading continued until the manager weakened; he agreed to leave enough to supply the camp's immediate wants and to grant a rebate on such additional food as would need to be freighted for the winter. (See front page.)

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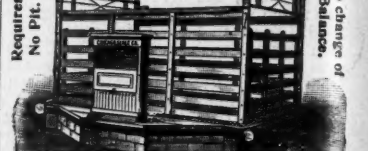
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THE WHIRLPOOL.

By GEORGE GISSING.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

ALMA presently began a new letter to Sibyl Carnaby. It was written in a cheery humor, though touched by the shadow of distressful circumstance. She told the story of Mr. Dymes's visit, and made merry over it. "I am sure this is the very newest thing in 'proposals.' Though I live in such a dull, lonely way, it has made me feel that I am still in touch with civilization. And really, if the worst come to the worst—but it's dangerous to joke about such things." She touched lightly on the facts of her position. "I'm afraid I have not been doing very much. Perhaps this is a fallow time with me; I may be gaining strength for great achievements. Unfortunately, I have a lazy companion. Miss Steinfeld (you know her from my last letter, if you got it) only pretends to work. I like her for her thorough goodness and her intelligence; but she is just a little melancholic, and so not exactly the companion I need. Her idea just now is that we both need 'change,' and she wants me to go with her to Bregenz, on the Bodensee. Perhaps I shall when the weather gets hot."

It had surprised her to be told by Felix Dymes that he obtained her address at Munich from Miss Leach, for the only person in England to whom she had yet made known her departure from Leipzig was her stepmother. Speak of her how they might, her acquaintances in London still took trouble to inform themselves of her movements. Perhaps the very completeness of the catastrophe in which she was involved told in her favor; possibly she excited much more interest than could ever have attached to her while her name was respected. There was new life in the thought. She wrote briefly to Dora Leach, giving an account of herself, which, though essentially misleading, was not composed in a spirit of conscious falsehood. For all her vanity, Alma had never aimed at effect by practice of deliberate insinuations. Miss Leach was informed that her friend could not find much time for correspondence. "I am living in the atmosphere of art, and striving patiently. Some day you shall hear of me." And when the letter was posted, Alma mused long on the effect it would produce.

With the distinguished violinist, the friend of Herr Wilenski, spoken of to Mrs. Frothingham, she had as yet held no communication, and through the days of early summer she continued to neglect her music. Indolence grew upon her; sometimes she spent the whole day in a dressing-gown, seated or reclining, with a book in her hand, or totally unoccupied. Sometimes the military bands in the public gardens tempted her to walk a little, or she strolled with Miss Steinfeld through the picture galleries; occasionally they made short excursions into the country. The art student had acquaintances in Munich, but did not see much of them, and they were not the kind of people with whom Alma cared to associate.

In July it was decided that they should go for a few weeks to Bregenz; their health called for the change, which, as Miss Steinfeld knew of a homely pension, could be had at small expense. Before their departure the art student was away for a few days, and, to relieve the dreariness of an existence which was becoming burdensome, Alma went out alone one afternoon, purposing a trip by steam-tram to the gardens at Nymphenburg. She walked to the Stiglmeierplatz, where the tram starts, and there stood waiting. A carriage drove past, with a sound of English voices, which drew her attention. She saw three children, a lady, and a gentleman. The last-mentioned looked at her, and she recognized Cyrus Redgrave. Whether he knew her face seemed uncertain. Hoping to escape unobserved, she turned quickly, and walked a few yards. Before she faced round again, a quick footstep approached her, and the next moment Mr. Redgrave stood, hat in hand, courteously claiming her acquaintance.

"I thought I could not possibly be mistaken!" The carriage, having stopped for him to alight, was driving away.

"That is my sister and her children," said Redgrave, when he had warmly shaken hands and expressed his pleasure at the meeting. "You never met her. Her husband is in India, and you see me in full domesticity. This morning I posted a note to you; of course, you haven't received it yet."

Alma did her best to behave with dignity. In any case it would have been trying to encounter such a man as Redgrave—wealthy, elegant, a figure in society, who must necessarily regard her as banished from polite circles; and in her careless costume she felt more than abashed. For the first time a sense of degradation, of social inferiority, threatened to overwhelm her self-respect.

"How did you know my address?" she asked, with an involuntary imitation of hauteur, made pathetic by the flush on her face and the lingering half-smile.

"Mrs. Frothingham kindly gave it me.—You were walking this way, I think?—My sister is living at Stuttgart, and I happened to come over just in time to act as her courier on a journey to Salzburg. We got here yesterday, and go on to-morrow, or the day after. I dropped you a note, asking if I might call."

"Where have you seen mamma lately?" asked Alma, barely attentive to the explanations he was giving her.

"In London, quite by chance. In fact, it was at Waterloo Station. Mrs. Frothingham was starting for the country, and I happened to be going to Wimbledon. I told her I might possibly see you on my way through Munich."

Alma began to recover herself. That Cyrus Redgrave should still take an interest in her was decidedly more gratifying than the eccentric compliment of Felix Dymes. She strove to forget the humiliation of having been found standing in a public place, waiting for a tram-car. In Redgrave's manner no change was perceptible, unless, indeed, he spoke with more cordiality,

which must be prompted by kind feeling. Their acquaintance covered only a year or two, and had scarcely amounted to what passes for friendship, but Redgrave seemed oblivious of late unpleasant events.

"I'm glad you didn't call unexpectedly," she said, trying to strike a light note. "I'm a student now—no longer an amateur—and live as a student must."

"So much the better. I'm a natural bohemian myself, and like nothing so well as to disregard ceremony. And, by the bye, that's the very reason why I ran away from my sister to speak to you; I knew you would dislike formalities. I'm afraid I was rather glad than otherwise to escape. We have been taking the children for a drive—charming little rascals, but for the moment my domestic instincts are satisfied. Mrs. Frothingham mentioned that you were living with a friend—an art student."

"We go away for a holiday in a day or two," said Alma, more at her ease. "To Bregenz—do you know it?"

"By name only. You go in a day or two? I wish you would let me know your address there," he added, with frank friendliness. "I go on with my sister to Salzburg, and then turn off on my own account; I might be able to pass your way, and I should so much like to have a talk with you—a real talk, about music and all sorts of things. Did I ever tell you of my little place at Riva, head of Lake Garda? Cozy little nook, but I'm not there very often; I half thought of going for a week or two's quietness. Quite cool there by the lake. But I really must try to see you at Bregenz—do let me."

He begged it as a favor, a privilege, and Alma without hesitation told him where she would be living.

"For a few weeks? Oh, then, I shall make a point of coming that way. You're not working too hard, I hope? I know you don't do things by halves. When I first heard you were going in seriously for music, I said to myself, 'Tant mieux, another great violinist!'"

The listener reddened with delight; her step became elastic; she carried her head gallantly, and feared not the glances Redgrave cast at her.

"I have learned not to talk about myself," she said, bestowing a smile upon him. "That's the first bad habit to be overcome by the amateur converted."

"Capital! An axiom worth putting into print, for the benefit of all and sundry. Now I must say good-by; that fellow yonder will take me back to the domesticities." He hailed an empty carriage. "We shall meet again among the mountains. Auf Wiedersehen!"

Alma continued to walk along the Nymphenburg road, unconscious of external things. The tram for which she had been waiting passed by; she no longer cared to go out into the country. It was enough to keep moving in the bright sunshine, and to think her thoughts.

No; people had by no means forgotten her. While she was allowing herself to fall into gloom and indolence, her acquaintances, it was evident, made her a constant subject of talk, of speculation; just what she had desired, but had lost courage to believe. They expected great things of her; her personal popularity and her talents had prevailed against the most prejudicial circumstances; people did not think of her as the daughter of Bennet Frothingham—unless to contrast the hopefulness of her future with the black calamity that lay behind.

She waxed philosophical. How everything in this world tends to good! At her father's death she had mourned bitterly; it had struck her to the heart; his imprudence (she could never use, even in thought, a harsher word) pained more than it shamed her, and not a day passed but she sorrowed over the dishonor that darkened his memory. Yet were not these woes and disasters the beginning of a new life for her? In prosperity, what would she ever have become? Nothing less than being thrown out into the world could have given her the impulse needed to realize a high ambition. "Tant mieux, another great violinist!" How sincerely, how inspiringly, it was said!

And Alma's feet had brought her home again before she paused to reflect that, for all purposes of ambition, the past half-year had been utterly wasted. Never mind; after her return from Bregenz!

On her table lay Redgrave's note; a very civil line or two, requesting permission to call. There was another letter, black-bordered, which came from her stepmother. Mrs. Frothingham said that she had been about to write for several days, but all sorts of disagreeable business had hindered her; even now, she could only write hurriedly. In the last fortnight she had had to go twice to London. "And really I think I shall be obliged to go and live there again, for a time; so many things have to be seen to. It might be best, perhaps, if I took a small flat. I was going to say, however, that the last time I went up, I met Mr. Redgrave, and we had quite a long talk—about you. He was most sincerely interested in your future; indeed it quite surprised me, for I will confess that I had never had a very high opinion of him. I fancy he suffered no loss. His behavior to me was that of a gentleman, very different from that of some people I could name. But it was you he spoke of most. He said he was shortly going to Germany, and begged me to let him have your address, and really I saw no harm in it. He may call upon you. If so, let me hear all about it, for it will interest me very much."

Alma had half a mind to reply at once, but on reflection decided to wait. After all, Mr. Redgrave might not keep his promise of coming to see her at Bregenz, and in that event a very brief report of what had happened would suffice. But she felt sure that he meant to come.

And decidedly she hoped it; why, she was content to leave a rosy vagueness.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALMA and her German friend silently agreed in foreseeing that they would not live together much longer. Miss Steinfeld, eager at first to talk English, was relapsing into her native tongue, and as Alma lazily avoided German, they conversed in different languages, each with a sprinkling of foreign phrase. The English girl might have allied herself with a far worse companion; for, in spite of defects which resembled Alma's own,

vagueness of purpose, infirmity of will, Miss Steinfeld had a fund of moral principle which made her talk wholesome and her aspirations an influence for good. She imagined herself in love with an artist whom she had seen only two or three times, and no strain could have been more exalted than that in which she confided her romance to the sympathetic Alma. Sympathetic, that is, within her limits; for Miss Frothingham had never been in love, and rarely indulged a mood of sentiment. Her characteristic emotions she of course did not reveal, save unconsciously, and Miss Steinfeld knew nothing of the tragic circumstances which explained her friend's solitude.

In the first days at Bregenz they felt a renewal of pleasure in each other's society; Alma's spirits were much improved; she enjoyed the scenery, and lived in the open air. There was climbing of mountains, the Pfänder with its reward of noble outlook, and the easier Gebhardsberg, with its hanging woods; there was boating on the lake, and rambling along its shores, with rest and refreshment at some Gartenwirtschaft. Miss Steinfeld, whose reading and intelligence were superior to Alma's, liked to explore the Roman ruins and linger in the museum. Alma could not long keep up a pretense of interest in the relics of Brigantium; but she said one day, with a smile—

"I know some one who would enjoy this kind of thing—an Englishman—very learned—"

"Old?" inquired her friend significantly.

"Yes—no. Neither old nor young. A strange man; rather interesting. I've a good mind," he added mischievously, "to send him a photograph."

"Of yourself?"

"Oh dear, no! He wouldn't care for that. A view of the Alt-Stadt."

And in her mood of frolic she acted upon the thought. She purchased two or three views, had them done up for post, and addressed them to Harvey Rolfe, Esq., at the Metropolitan Club; for his private address she could not remember, but the club remained in her mind from Sibyl's talk of it. When the packet was gone, of course she regretted having sent it. More likely than not, Mr. Rolfe considered himself to have ended all acquaintance with the disgraced family, and, if he recognized her handwriting, would just throw the photographs aside. Let him; it mattered nothing, one way or the other.

When a week had passed, the novelty of things wore off; the friends began to wander apart; Miss Steinfeld made acquaintances in the pension, and Alma drifted into solitude. At the end of a fortnight she was tired of everything, wished to go away, thought longingly of England. It was plain that Mr. Redgrave would not come; he had never seriously meant it; his *Auf Wiedersehen* was a mere civility to get rid of her in the street. Why had he troubled to inquire about her at all? Of course it didn't matter—nothing mattered—but if ever she met him again! Alma tried her features in expression of cold scornfulness.

On the next day, as she was returning from an idle walk with her friend along the Lindau road, Mr. Redgrave met them. He was dressed as she had never seen him, in flannels, with a white necktie loosely knotted and a straw hat. Not till he had come near enough to salute did she recognize him; he looked ten years younger.

They talked as if the meeting were of daily occurrence. Redgrave addressed himself to Miss Steinfeld as often as to Alma, and showed a graceful command of decorous commonplace. He had arrived early this morning, had put up at the Oesterreichischer Hof, was already delighted with Bregenz. Did Miss Steinfeld devote herself to landscape? Had she done anything here? Had Miss Frothingham brought her violin? They strolled pleasantly to the Hafen promenade, and parted at length with assurances of meeting again, as if definite appointment were needless.

"That is my idea of the English gentleman," said Miss Steinfeld afterward. "I think I should have taken him for a lord. No doubt he is very rich?"

"Oh, pretty well off," Alma replied, with assumed indifference. "Ten thousand pounds a year, I dare say."

"Ten thousand! Lieber Himmel! And married?"

"No."

"In Parliament, I suppose?"

"No."

"Then, what does he do?"

"Oh, amuses himself."

Each became occupied with her thoughts. Alma's were so agreeable that Miss Steinfeld, observing her, naturally fell into romantic speculation.

Redgrave easily contrived that his next walk should be with Miss Frothingham alone. He overtook her next morning, soon after she had left the house, and they rambled in the Gebhardsberg direction.

"Now let us have the promised talk," he began, at a favorable moment. "I've been thinking about you all the time."

"Did you go to your place on Lake Garda?"

"Yes; just to look at it, and get it put in order. I hope to be there again before long. You didn't doubt I should come?"

"You left it uncertain."

"To be sure. Life is uncertain. But I should have been desperately disappointed if I hadn't found you here. There are so many things to be said about going in for music as a profession. You have the talent, you have the physical strength, I think." His eye flattered her from head to foot. "But, to be a great artist, one must have more than technical qualifications. It's the soul that must be developed."

Alma laughed.

"I know it. And what is your receipt for developing the soul?"

Redgrave paused in his walk. Smiling, he gave a twist to his mustache, and appeared to meditate profoundly.

"The soul—well, it has a priggish sound. Let us say the character; and that is developed through experience of life."

"I'm getting it."

"Are you? In the company of Miss Steinfeld? I'm afraid that won't carry you very far. Experience means emotion; certainly, for a woman. Believe me, you haven't begun to live yet. You may practice on

your violin day and night, and it won't profit you—until you have lived."

Alma was growing serious. These phrases harmonized well enough with her own insubstantial thoughts and idly gathered notions. When preparing to escape from England, she had used much the same language. But, after all, what did it mean? What, in particular, did Cyrus Redgrave mean, with his expressive eyes, and languid, earnest tone?

"You will say that a girl has few opportunities. True, thanks to her enslavement by society."

"I care nothing for society," Alma interposed.

"Good! I like the sound of that defiance; it has the right ring. A man hasn't often the pleasure of hearing that from a woman he can respect. It's easy, of course, to defy the laws of a world one doesn't belong to: but you, who are a queen in your circle, and may throne, at any moment, in a wider sphere—it means much when you refuse to bow down before the vulgar idols, to be fettered by superstitions."

His aim was dark to her, but she tasted the compliment which ignored her social eclipse. Redgrave's conversation generally kept on the prosaic levels—studiously polite, or suavely cynical. It was a new experience to see him borne on a wave of rhetoric; yet not borne away, for he spoke with an ease, a self-command, which to older ears would have suggested skill rather than feeling. He had nothing of the ardor of youth; his poise and deliberation were quite in keeping with the twoscore years that subtly graced his visage; the passions in him were sportive, half-fantastic, as though, together with his brain, they had grown to a ripe worldliness. He inspired no distrust; his good-nature seemed all-pervading; he had the air of one who lavishes disinterested counsel, and ever so little exalts himself with his facile exuberance of speech.

"I have seen much of artists; known them intimately, and studied their lives. One and all, they date their success from some passionate experience. From a cold and conventional existence can come nothing but cold and conventional art. You left England, broke away from the common routine, from the artificial and the respectable. That was an indispensable first step, and I have told you how I applauded it. But you cannot stop at this. I begin to fear for you. There is a convention of unconventionality: poor quarters, hard life, stunted pleasures—all that kind of thing. I fear its effect upon you."

"What choice have I?" exclaimed Alma, moved to familiar frankness. "If I am poor, I must live poorly."

He smiled graciously upon her, and raised his hand almost as though he would touch her with reassuring kindness; but it was only to stroke his trimmed beard.

"Oh, you have a choice, believe me," came his airy answer. "There's no harm in poverty that doesn't last too long. You may have profited by it; it is an experience. But now—Don't let us walk so far as to tire you. Yes, we will turn. Variety of life, travel, all sorts of joys and satisfactions—these are the things you need."

"And if they are not within my reach?" she asked, without looking at him.

"By the bye"—he disregarded her question—"your friend, Mrs. Carnaby, has taken a long flight."

"Yes."

The monosyllable was dropped. Alma walked with her eyes on the ground, trailing her sunshade.

"I didn't think she had much taste for travel. But you know her so much better than I do."

"She is enjoying herself," said Alma.

"No need for you to go so far. Down yonder"—he nodded southward—"I was thinking, the other day, of the different kinds of pleasure one gets from scenery in different parts of the world. I have seen the tropics; they left me very much where I was, intellectually. It's the human associations of natural beauty that count. You have no desire to go to the islands of the Pacific?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Of course not. The springs of art are in the old world. Among the vines and the olives one hears a voice. I must really try to give you some idea of my little place at Riva."

He began a playful description—long, but never tedious; alluring, yet without enthusiasm—a dreamy suggestion of refined delights and luxuries.

"I have another place in the Pyrenees, to suit another mood; and not long ago I was sorely tempted by the offer of a house not far from Antioch, in the valley of the Orontes—a house built by an Englishman. Charming place, and so entirely off the beaten track. Isn't there a fascination in the thought of living near Antioch? Well away from bores and philistines. No Mrs. Grundy with her clinking teacups. I daresay the house is still to be had.—Oh, do tell me something about your friend, Fräulein Steinfeld. Is she in earnest? Will she do anything?"

His eloquence was at an end. Thenceforward he talked of common things in unemotional language; and when Alma parted from him, it was with a sense of being tired and disappointed.

On the following day she did not see him at all. He could not have left Bregenz; for, of course, he would have let her know. She thought of him incessantly, reviewing all his talk, turning over this and that ambiguous phrase, asking herself whether he meant much or little. It was natural that she should compare and contrast his behavior with that of Felix Dymes. If his motive were not the same, why did he seek her society? And if it were? If at length he spoke out, summing his hints in the plain offer of all those opportunities she lacked?

A brilliant temptation. To leave the world as Alma Frothingham, and to return to it as Mrs. Cyrus Redgrave!

But, in that event, what of her musical ambitions? He spoke of her art as the supreme concern, to which all else must be subordinate. And surely that was his meaning when he threw scorn upon "bores and philistines." Why should the fact of his wealth interfere with her progress as an artist? Possibly, on the other hand, he did not intend that she should follow a professional career. Cannot one be a great artist without standing on public platforms? Was it his lordly thought to foster her talents for his own delectation and that of the few privileged?

Her brain grew confused with interpreting and pict-

uring. But once more she had made an advance in self-esteem. She could await the next meeting with a confidence and pride very unlike her sensations in the Stiglmeierplatz at Munich.

It took place on the second day. This time Redgrave did not wait upon accident; he sent a note, begging that he might have the pleasure of another talk with her. He would call at a certain hour, and take his chance of finding her at home. When he presented himself, Alma was sitting in the common room of the pension with two German ladies; they in a few minutes withdrew, and familiar conversation became possible. As the windows stood open, and there were chairs upon the balcony, Redgrave shortly proposed a move in that direction. They sat together for half an hour.

When Redgrave took his leave, it was without shaking of hands—with no *Auf Wiedersehen*. He smiled, he murmured civilities; Alma neither smiled nor spoke. She was pale, and profoundly agitated.

So this was his meaning!—made plain enough at last, though with the most graceful phrasing. Childish vanity and ignorance had forbidden her to dream of such an issue. She had not for a moment grasped the significance to a man of the world of the ruin and disgrace fallen upon her family. In theory she might call herself an exile from the polite world; nonetheless did she imagine herself still illumined by the social halo, guarded by the divinity which doth hedge a member of the upper-middle class. Was she not a lady? And who had ever dared to offer a lady an insult such as this? Shopgirls, minor actresses, the inferior sort of governesses, must naturally be on their guard; their insecurity was traditional; novel and drama represented their moral vicissitudes. But a lady, who had lived in a great house with many servants, who had founded an Amateur Quartet Society, the hem of whose garment had never been touched with irreverent finger—could she stand in peril of such indignity?

Not till now had she called to mind the forewarnings of Sibyl Carnaby, which, at the time of hearing them, she did not at all understand. "People," said Sibyl, "would approach her with strange ideas." This she might have applied to the grotesque proposal (as it seemed to her) of Felix Dymes, or to the risk of being tempted into premature publicity by a business offer from some not very respectable impresario. What Sibyl meant was now only too clear; but how little could Mrs. Carnaby have imagined that her warning would be justified by one of her own friends—by a man of wealth and consideration.

She durst not leave the house for fear of encountering Redgrave, who, if they crossed by chance, might fancy she invited another meeting. She dreaded the observation of women, especially of Miss Steinfeld. The only retreat was her bedroom, and here she secluded herself till dinner-time. At this meal she must needs face the company or incur remark. She tried to return her friend's smile with the ordinary unconcern. After dinner there was no avoiding Miss Steinfeld, whose air of extreme discretion showed that she had an inkling of events, and awaited confidences.

"Mr. Redgrave has gone—he called to say good-by."

"So?"

Irritated by self-consciousness, revolting against a misinterpretation which would injure her vanity, though it was not likely to aim at her honor, Alma had recourse to fiction.

"I daresay you guess?—Yes, and I refused."

Miss Steinfeld was puzzled. It did not astonish her that a girl should reject ten thousand pounds per annum, for that she was too high-minded; but she had thought it beyond doubt that Alma's heart was engaged. Here, it had seemed to her, was the explanation of a mystery attaching to this original young Englishwoman; unhoped, the brilliant lover, the secretly beloved, had sought her in her retirement. And, after all, it was a mistake.

"I don't care for him a bit," Alma went on. "It had to be got over and done with, that was all."

She felt ashamed of herself. In childhood she had told falsehoods freely, but with the necessity for that kind of thing the habit had fallen away. Solace, however, was at hand, for the German girl looked at her with a new interest, a new sympathy, which Alma readily construed as wonder and admiration, if not gentle envy. To have refused an offer of marriage from a handsome man of great wealth might be counted for glory. And Alma's momentary shame yielded to a gratification which put her outwardly at ease.

The restless night brought torment of the mind and harassed spirits. Redgrave's proposal echoed in the vacant chambers of her life, sounding no longer an affront, but an allurements. Why, indeed, had she repelled it so unthinkingly? It did not necessarily mean scandal. He had not invited her to open defiance of the world. "You can absolutely trust me; I am discretion itself. All resources are at my command." Why had she rejected with scorn and horror what was, perhaps, her great opportunity, the one hope of her struggling and sinking ambition? She had lost faith in herself; in her power to overcome circumstances, not yet in her talent, in her artistic birthright. Redgrave would have made her path smooth. "I promise you a great reputation in two or three years' time." And without disgrace, without shadow of suspicion, it would all be managed, he declared, so very easily. For what alternative had she rebuffed him?

Redgrave's sagacity had guided him well up to a certain point, but it had lost sight of one thing essential to the success of his scheme. Perhaps because he was forty years of age, perhaps because he had so often come and seen and conquered, perhaps because he made too low an estimate of Bennet Frothingham's daughter—he simply overlooked sentimental considerations. It was a great and a fatal oversight. He went far in his calculated appeal to Alma's vanity; had he but credited her with softer passions, and given himself the trouble to play upon them, he would not, at all events, have suffered so sudden a defeat. Men of Redgrave's stamp grow careless, and just at the time of life when, for various causes, the art which conceals art has become indispensable. He did not flatter himself that Alma was ready to fall in love with him; and here his calm maturity served him ill. To his own defect of ardor he was blinded by habit. After all, the affair had little consequence. It had only suggested itself after the

meeting in Munich, and perhaps—he said to himself—all things considered, the event was just as well.

But Alma felt the double insult, to her worldly honor, to her womanhood. The man had not even made pretense of loving her; and this, while it bittered her disappointment, strengthened her to cast from mind the baser temptation. Marriage she would have accepted, though doubtless with becoming hesitancy; the offer could not have been made without one word of tenderness (for Cyrus Redgrave was another than Felix Dymes), and she had not felt it impossible to wed this polished capitalist. Out of the tumult of her feelings, as another day went by, issued at length that one simple and avowable sense of disappointment. She had grasped the prize, and heated her imagination in regarding it; had overcome natural reluctances, objections personal and moral; was ready to sit down and write to Mrs. Frothingham the splendid, startling announcement. And here she idled in her bedroom, desolate, hopeless, wishing she had courage to steal down at night to the waters of the Bodensee, and end it all.

On the third day she returned to Munich, having said farewell to her friend, who was quite prepared for the parting. From Munich she proceeded to Leipzig, and there entered again the family circle of the Gassners. She had no intention of staying for very long; the pretense of musical study could not be kept up; but her next step was quite uncertain.

A fortnight later Mrs. Frothingham wrote thus: "I am sending you on a letter which, if I am not mistaken, comes from Mr. Rolfe. Do tell me if I am right. Odd that he should write to you, if it is he. You have not told me yet whether you saw Mr. Redgrave again. But I see that you don't care much, and perhaps it is as well."

The forwarded letter had been originally addressed to the care of Mrs. Frothingham, and Alma, at a glance, recognized Harvey Rolfe's writing. He dated from London. Was he mistaken, he began, in thinking that certain photographs from Bregenz had come to him by Miss Frothingham's kindness? For his part, he had spent June in a ramble in Southwest France, chiefly by the Dordogne, and through a strange, interesting bit of marsh-country, called La Double. "I hardly know how I got there, and I shall not worry you by writing any account of the expedition. But at a miserable village called La Roche Chalais, where I had a most indigestible supper and a bed unworthy of the name, I managed to fall ill, and quite seriously thought, 'Ah, here is the end!' It has to come somewhere, and why not on a *grabat* at La Roche Chalais? A mistake; I am here again, wasting life as strenuously as ever. Would you let me hear from you? I should think it a great addition to your kindness in sending the views." And so, with every good wish, he remained, etc.

Having nothing better to do, Alma got out a map of France, and searched for La Roche Chalais; but the place was too insignificant to be marked. On the morrow, being still without occupation, she answered Rolfe's letter, and in quite a playful vein. She had no time to correspond with people who "wasted their lives." To her, life was a serious matter enough. But he knew nothing of the laborious side of a musician's existence, and probably doubted its reality. As an afterthought, she thanked him gravely for his letter, and hoped that some day, when she had really "done something," they might meet and renew their friendship.

CHAPTER IX.

On an afternoon in September Harvey Rolfe spent half an hour at a certain London bookseller's, turning over books that dealt with the theory and practice of elementary education. Two or three of them he selected, and ordered to be sent to a lady at Gunnersbury. On his way out he came upon an acquaintance making a purchase in another department of the shop. It was some months since he had seen Cecil Morphew, who looked in indifferent health, and in his dress came near to shabbiness. They passed out together, Morphew carrying an enwrapped volume, which he gave Rolfe to understand was a birthday present—for her. The elder man resisted his inclination to joke, and asked how things were going on.

"Much the same as usual, except that her father is in very bad health. It's brutal, but I wish he would die."

"Naturally."

"That's what one's driven to, you see. And any one but you, who know me, would set me down as a selfish, calculating beast. Can't help it. I had rather have her penniless.—Will you come in here with me? I want to buy some pyrogallic acid."

In the street again, Morphew mentioned that he had taken up photography.

"It gives me something to do, and it takes me out into the open air. This beastly town is the ruin of me, in every way.—Come to my rooms for an hour, will you? I'll show you some attempts; I've only just tried my hand at developing. And it's a long time since we had a talk."

They made for a Chelsea omnibus and mounted. "I thought you were never in town at this time," Morphew resumed. "I want to get away, but can't afford it; devilish low water with me. I must have a bicycle. With that and the camera I may just manage to live; often there seems little enough to live for.—Tripcony? Oh, Tripcony's a damned swindler; I've given him up. Speculation isn't quite so simple as I imagined. I made a couple of hundred, though—yes, and lost nearly three."

The young man's laugh was less pleasant to hear than formerly. Altogether, Rolfe observed in him a decline, a loss of refinement as well as of vitality.

"Why don't you go into the country?" he said. "Take a cottage and grow cabbages; dig for three hours a day. It would do you no end of good."

"Of course it would. I wish I had the courage."

"I'm going to spend the winter in Wales," said Harvey. "An out-of-the-world place in Carnarvonshire—mountains and sea. Come along with me and get the mephitic blown out of you. You've got town disease, street malaria, lodging-house fever."

"By Jove, I'll think of it," replied the other, with a

strange look of eagerness. "But I don't know whether I can. No, I can't be sure. But I'll try."

"What holds you?"

"Well, I like to be near, you know, to her. And then—all sorts of difficulties—"

Morphew had his lodgings at present in a street near Chelsea Hospital, a poor-looking place, much inferior to those in which Rolfe had formerly seen him. His two rooms were at the top, and he had converted a garret into a dark chamber for his photographic amusement. Dirt and disorder made the sitting-room very uninviting; Rolfe looked about him, and wondered what principle of corruption was at work in the young man's life.

Morphew showed a new portrait of his betrothed, Henrietta Winter; a comely face, shadowed with pensiveness. "Taken at Torquay; she sent it a day or two ago.—I've been thinking of giving her up. If I do, I shall do it brutally and savagely, to make it easy for her. I've spoiled her life, and I'm pretty sure I've ruined my own."

He brought out a bottle of whisky and half filled two tumblers. His own measure he very slightly diluted, and drank it off at once.

"You're at a bad pass, my boy," remarked Rolfe. "What's wrong? Something more than usual, I know. Make a clean breast of it."

Morphew continued to declare that he was only low-spirited from the long-standing causes, and, though Rolfe did not believe him, nothing more could at present be elicited. The talk turned to photography, but still had no life in it.

"I think you had better dine with me this evening," said Harvey.

"Impossible. I wish I could. An engagement." The young man shuffled about, and after a struggle with embarrassment, aided by another tumbler of whisky, threw out something he wished to say.

"It's deuced hard to ask you, but—could you lend me some money?"

"Of course. How much? Why do you make such a sputter about it?"

"I've been making a fool of myself—got into difficulties. Will you let me have fifty pounds?"

"Yes, if you'll promise to clear at once out of this dust-bin, and in a month or so come into Wales."

"You're an awfully good fellow, Rolfe—and I'm a damned fool. I promise! I will! I'll get out of it, and then I'll think about breaking with that girl. Better for both of us—but you shall advise me.—I'll tell you everything some day. I can't now. I'm too ashamed of myself."

When he got home, Harvey wrote a check for fifty pounds, and posted it at once.

Not many days after, there came to him a letter from Mrs. Frothingham. With this lady he had held no communication since the catastrophe of last November; knowing not how to address her without giving more pain than his sympathy could counterbalance, he remained silent. She wrote from the neighborhood of Swiss Cottage, where she had taken a flat; it was her wish, if possible, to see him "on a matter of business," and she requested that he would make an appointment. Much wondering in what business of Mrs. Frothingham's he could be concerned, Harvey named his time and went to pay the call. He ascended many stairs, and was conducted by a neat servant-maid into a pleasant little drawing-room, where Mrs. Frothingham rose to receive him. She searched his face, as if to discern the feeling with which he regarded her, and her timid smile of reassurance did not lack its pathos.

"Mr. Rolfe, it seems years since I saw you."

She was aged a little, and her voice fell in broken notes, an unhappy contrast to the gay, confident chirping of less than twelve months ago.

"I have only been settled here for a week. I thought of leaving London altogether, but, after all, I had to come backward and forward so often—it was better to have a home here, and this little flat will just suit me, I think."

She seemed desirous of drawing attention to its modest proportions.

"I really don't need a house, and lodgings are so wretched. These flats are a great blessing—don't you think? I shall manage here with one servant, only one."

Rolfe struggled with the difficulty of not knowing what to say. There was nothing for it but to discourse as innocently as might be on the advantages of flats, their increasing popularity, and the special charms of this particular situation. Mrs. Frothingham eagerly agreed with everything, and did her best to allow no moment of silence.

"You have heard from Miss Frothingham, I think?" she presently let fall, with a return of anxiety.

"Not very long ago. From Leipzig."

"Yes. Yes.—I don't know whether she will stay there. You know she is thinking of taking up music professionally?—Yes. Yes.—I do so hope she will find it possible, but of course that kind of career is so very uncertain. I'm not sure that I shouldn't be glad if she turned to something else."

The widow was growing nervous and self-contradictory. With a quick movement of her hands, she suddenly resumed in another tone.

"Mr. Rolfe, I do so wish you would let me speak to you in confidence. I want to ask your help in a most delicate matter. Not, of course, about my stepdaughter, though I shall have to mention her. It is something quite personal to myself. If I could hope that you wouldn't think it tiresome—I have a special reason for appealing to you."

He would gladly, said Harvey, be of any use he could.

"I want to speak to you about painful things," pursued his hostess, with an animation and emphasis which made her more like the lady of Fitzjohn Avenue. "You know everything—except my own position, and that is what I wish to explain to you. I won't go into details. I will only say that a few years ago my husband made over to me a large sum of money—I had none of my own—and that it still belongs to me. I say belongs to me; but there is my trouble. I fear I have no right whatever to call it mine. And there are people who have suffered such dreadful losses. Some of them you know. There was a family named Abbott. I wanted

to ask you about them. Poor Mr. Abbott—I remember reading—"

She closed her eyes for an instant, and the look upon her face told that this was no affection of an anguished memory.

"It was accident," Rolfe hastened to say. "The jury found it accidental death."

"But there was the loss—I read it all. He had lost everything. Do tell me what became of his family. Some one told me they were friends of yours."

"Happily they had no children. There was a small life-insurance. Mrs. Abbott used to be a teacher, and she is going to take that up again."

"Poor thing! Is she quite young?"

"Oh, about thirty, I should say."

"Will she go into a school?"

"No. Private pupils at her own house. She has plenty of courage, and will do fairly well, I think."

"Still, it is shocking that she should have lost all—her husband, too, just at that dreadful time.—This is what I wanted to say, Mr. Rolfe. Do you think it would be possible to ask her to accept something?—I do so feel," she hurried on, "that I ought to make some sort of restitution—what I can—to those who lost everything. I am told that things are not quite hopeless; something may be recovered out of the wreck some day. But it will be such a long time, and meanwhile people are suffering so. And here am I left in comfort—more than comfort. It isn't right; I couldn't rest till I did something. I am glad to say that I have been able to help a little here and there, but only the kind of people whom it's easy to help. A case like Mrs. Abbott's is far worse, yet there's such a difficulty in doing anything; one might only give offense. I'm sure my name must be hateful to her—as it is to so many."

Rolfe listened with a secret surprise. He had never thought ill of Mrs. Frothingham; but, on the other hand, had never attributed to her any save superficial qualities, a lightsome temper, pleasure in hospitality, an easy good-nature toward all the people of her acquaintance. He would not have supposed her capable of substantial sacrifices; least of all, on behalf of strangers and inspired by a principle. She spoke with the simplest sincerity; it was impossible to suspect her motives. The careless liking with which he had always regarded her was now infused with respect; he became gravely attentive, and answered in a softer voice.

"She was unbittered at first, but is overcoming it. To tell you the truth, I think she will benefit by this trial. I don't like the words that are so often used in cant; I don't believe that misery does any good to most people—indeed, I know very well that it generally does harm. But Mrs. Abbott seems to be an exception; she has a good deal of character; and there were circumstances—well, I will only say that she faces the change in her life very bravely."

"I do wish I knew her. But I daren't ask that. It's too much to expect that she could bear to see me and listen to what I have to say."

"The less she's reminded of the past the better, I think."

"But would it not be possible to do something? I am told that the sum was about fifteen hundred pounds. The whole of that I couldn't restore; but half of it—I could afford so much. Could I offer to do so—not directly, in my own name, but through you?"

Harvey reflected, his head and body bent forward, his hands folded together. In the flat beneath, some one was jingling operetta on a piano not quite in tune; the pertinacious vivacity of the airs interfered with Harvey's desire to view things seriously. He had begun to wonder how large a capital Mrs. Frothingham had at her command. Was it not probable that she could as easily bestow fifteen hundred pounds as the half of that sum? But the question was unworthy. If in truth she had set herself to undo as much as possible of the wrong perpetrated by her husband, Mrs. Frothingham might well limit her benefactions, be her fortune what it might.

"I will do whatever you desire," he said, with deliberation. "I cannot answer for Mrs. Abbott, but, if you wish it, she shall know what you have in mind."

"I do wish it," replied the lady earnestly. "I beg you to put this before her, and with all the persuasion you can use. I should be very, very glad if she would allow me to free my conscience from a little of this burden. Only that I dare not speak of it, I would try to convince you that I am doing what my dear husband himself would have wished. You can't believe it; no one will ever believe it; even Alma, I am afraid—and that is so cruel, so dreadful; but he did not mean to wrong people in this way. It wasn't in his nature. Who knew him better than I, or so well? I know—if he could come back to us—"

Her voice broke. The piano below jingled more vivaciously than ever, and a sound of shrill laughter pierced through the notes. Afraid to sit silent, lest he should seem unsympathetic and skeptical, Rolfe murmured a few harmless phrases, tending to nervous incoherence.

"I am thinking so much about Alma," pursued the widow, recovering self-command. "I am so uncertain about my duty to her. Of her own, she has nothing; but I know, of course, that her father wished her to share in what he gave me. It is strange, Mr. Rolfe, that I should be talking to you as if you were a relative—as if I had a right to trouble you with these things. But if you knew how few people I dare speak to. Wasn't it so much better for her to lead a very quiet life? And so I gave her only a little money, only enough to live upon in the simplest way. I hoped she would get tired of being among strangers, and come back. And now I fear she thinks I have behaved meanly and selfishly. And we were always so kindly disposed to each other, such thorough friends; never a word that mightn't have passed between a mother and her own child."

"I gathered from her letter," interposed Harvey, "that she was well contented and working hard at her music."

"Do you think so? I began to doubt—she wrote in low spirits. Of course, one can't say whether she would succeed as a violinist. Oh, I don't like to think of it! I must tell you that I haven't said a word to her yet of what I am doing; I mean, about the money. I know I ought to consider her as much as other people.

Poor girl, who has suffered more, and in so many ways? But I think of what I keep for myself as hers. I was not brought up in luxury, Mr. Rolfe. It wouldn't seem to me hard to live on a very little. But in this, too, I must consider Alma. I daren't lose all my acquaintances. I must keep a home for Alma, and a home she wouldn't feel ashamed of. Here, you see, she could have her friends. I have thought of going to Leipzig; but I had so much rather she came to London—if only for us just to talk and understand each other."

Harvey preserved the gravest demeanor. Of Alma he would not permit himself to speak, save in answer to a direct question; and that was not long in coming.

"I am sure you think I should be quite open with her?"

"That would seem to me the best."

"Yes; she shall know all my thoughts. But with regard to Mrs. Abbott, I know so well what she would say. I beg you to do me that kindness, Mr. Rolfe."

"I will write to Mrs. Abbott at once."

The interview was at an end; neither had anything more to say. They parted with looks of much mutual kindness. Harvey having promised to make another call when Mrs. Abbott's reply had reached him.

After exchanging letters with Mrs. Abbott, Harvey went over to see her; for the sake of both persons concerned, he resolved to leave no possibility of misunderstanding. A few days passed in discussions and reflections, then, at the customary hour for paying calls, he again ascended the many stairs to Mrs. Frothingham's flat. It had rained all day, and in this weather there seemed a certainty that the lady would be at home. But, as he approached the door, Harvey heard a sound from within which discomposed him. Who, save one person, was likely to be playing on the violin in these rooms? He paused, cast about him a glance of indecision, and finally pressed the electric bell.

Mrs. Frothingham was not at home. She might return very shortly.

"Is—Miss Frothingham at home?"

The servant did not straightway admit him, but took his name. On his entering the drawing-room, three figures appeared before him. He saw Alma; he recognized Miss Leach; the third lady was named to him as Miss Leach's sister.

"You knew I was in London?" Alma remarked rather than inquired.

"I had no idea of it—until I heard your violin."

"My violin, but not my playing. It was Miss Leach."

From the first word—her "Ah, how d'you do?" as he entered—Alma's tone and manner appeared to him forced, odd, unlike anything he remembered of her. In correcting him, she gave a hard, short laugh, glancing at Dora Leach in a way verging upon the ill-bred. Her look had nothing amiable, though she continuously smiled, and when she invited the visitor to be seated, it was with offhand familiarity very unflattering to his ear.

"You came to see mamma, of course. I daresay she won't be long. She had to go through the rain on business with some one or other—perhaps you know. Have you been in London all the summer? Oh no, I remember you told me you had been somewhere in France; on the Loire, wasn't it?"

Rolfe dropped a careless affirmative. His temper prompted him to ask whether Miss Frothingham knew the difference between the Loire and the Garonne; but on the whole he was more puzzled than offended. What had come over this young woman? Outwardly she was not much altered—a little thinner in the face, perhaps; her eyes seeming a trifle darker and deeper set; but in the point of demeanor she had appreciably suffered. Her bearing and mode of speech were of that kind which, in a man, would be called devil-may-care. Was it a result of student-life? If her stunted allowance had already produced effects such as this, Mrs. Frothingham was justified in uneasiness.

He turned to Miss Leach, and with her talked exclusively for some minutes. As soon as civility permitted, he would rise and make his escape. Alma, the while, chatted with the younger sister, whom she addressed as "Gerda." Then the door opened, and Mrs. Frothingham came in, wearing her out-of-doors costume; she fixed her eyes on Rolfe with a peculiar intensity, and gave him cordial welcome, though in few and nervous words.

"I am no longer alone, you see." She threw a swift side-glance at Alma. "It is a great pleasure."

"Does it rain still, mamma?" asked Alma in a high voice.

"Not just now, my dear; but it's very disagreeable."

"Then I'll walk with you to the station." She addressed the sisters. "Dora and Gerda can't stay; they have an appointment at five o'clock. They'll come again in a day or two."

After the leave-takings, and when Alma, with a remark that she would not be long, had closed the door behind her, Mrs. Frothingham seated herself and began to draw off her gloves. The bonnet and cloak she was wearing, though handsome and in the mode, made her look older than at Rolfe's last visit. She was now a middle-aged woman, with emphasis on the qualifying term; in home dress she still asserted her sex, grace of figure and freshness of complexion prevailing over years and sorrows. At this moment, moreover, weariness, and perhaps worry, appeared in her countenance.

"Thank you so much for coming," she said quietly. "You must have been surprised when you saw—"

"I was, indeed."

"And my surprise was still greater, when, without any warning, Alma walked into the room two days ago. But I was so glad, so very glad."

She breathed a little sigh, looking round.

"Hasn't Alma given her friends any tea? I must ring.—Thank you.—Oh, the wretched, wretched day! I seem to notice the weather so much more than I used to. Does it affect you at all?"

Not till the tea-tray was brought in, and she had sipped from her cup, did Mrs. Frothingham lay aside these commonplace. With abrupt gravity, and in a subdued voice, she at length inquired the result of Rolfe's delicate mission.

"I think," he replied, "that I made known your wish as clearly and urgently as possible. I have seen Mrs. Abbott, and written to her twice. It will be best, perhaps, if I ask you to read her final letter. I have her permission to show it to you."

He drew the letter from its envelope, and with a nervous hand Mrs. Frothingham took it for perusal. While she was thus occupied, Rolfe averted his eyes; when he knew that she had read to the end, he looked at her. She had again sighed, and Harvey could not help imagining it an involuntary signal of relief.

"I am very glad to have read this, Mr. Rolfe. If you had merely told me that Mrs. Abbott refused, I should have felt nothing but pain. As it is, I understand that she could only refuse, and I am most grateful for all she says about me. I regret more than ever that I don't know her."

As she handed the letter back, it shook like a blown leaf. She was pale, and spoke with effort. But in a few moments, when conversation was resumed, her tone took a lightness and freedom which confirmed Rolfe's impression that she had escaped from a great embarrassment; and this surmise he inevitably connected with Alma's display of strange ill-humor.

Not another word passed on the subject. With frequent glances toward the door, Mrs. Frothingham again talked commonplace. Harvey, eager to get away, soon rose.

"Oh, you are not going? Alma will be back in a moment." And as her stepmother spoke, the young lady reappeared. "Why didn't you give your friends tea, dear?"

"I forgot all about it. That comes of living alone. Dora has composed a gavotte, mamma. She was playing it when Mr. Rolfe came. It's capital! Is Mr. Rolfe going?"

Harvey murmured his peremptory resolve. Mrs. Frothingham, rising, said that she was almost always at home in the afternoon; that it would always give her so much pleasure—

"You remain in England?" asked Harvey, barely touching the hand which Alma cavalierly offered.

"I really don't know. Perhaps I ought to, just to look after mamma."

Mrs. Frothingham uttered a little exclamation, and tried to laugh. On the instant, Harvey withdrew.

By the evening's post on the following day he was surprised to receive a letter addressed in Alma's unmistakable hand. The contents did not allay his wonder.

"DEAR MR. ROLFE—I am sure you will not mind if I use the privilege of a fairly long acquaintance and speak plainly about something that I regard as important. I wish to say that I am quite old enough, and feel quite competent, to direct the course of my own life. It is very kind of you, indeed, to take an interest in what I do and what I hope to do, and I am sure mamma will be fittingly grateful for any advice you may have offered with regard to me. But I feel obliged to say quite distinctly that I must manage my own affairs. Pray excuse this freedom, and believe me, Yours truly,

"ALMA FLORENCE FROTHINGHAM."

He gasped, and with wide eyes read the missive again and again. As soon as his nerves were quieted, he sat down and replied thus:

"DEAR MISS FROTHINGHAM—Your frankness can only be deemed a compliment. It is perhaps a triviality on my part, but I feel prompted to say that I have at no time discussed your position or prospects with Mrs. Frothingham, and that I have neither offered advice on the subject nor have been requested to do so. If this statement should appear to you at all germane to the matter, I beg you will take it into consideration.—And I am, Yours truly,

"HARVEY RADCLIFFE ROLFE."

CHAPTER X.

This reply dispatched, Harvey congratulated himself on being quits with Miss Frothingham. Her letter, however amusing, was deliberate impertinence; to have answered it in a serious tone would have been to encourage ill-mannered conceit which merited nothing but a snub.

But what had excited her anger? Had Mrs. Frothingham been guilty of some indiscretion, or was it merely the result of hot-headed surmises and suspicions on the girl's part? Plainly, Alma had returned to England in no amiable mood; in all probability she resented her stepmother's behavior, now that it had been explained to her; there had arisen "unpleasantness" on the old, the eternal subject—money. Ignoble enough; but was it a new thing for him to discern ignoble possibilities in Alma's nature?

Nevertheless, his thoughts were constantly occupied with the girl. Her image haunted him; all his manhood was subdued and mocked by her scornful witchery. From the infinitudes of reverie, her eyes drew near and gazed upon him—eyes gleaming with mischief, keen with curiosity; a look now supercilious, now softly submissive; all the varieties of expression caught in susceptible moments, and stored by a too faithful memory. Her hair, her lips, her neck, grew present to him, and lured his fancy with a wanton seduction. In self-defense—pathetic stratagem of intellectual man at issue with the flesh—he fell back upon the idealism which ever strives to endow a fair woman with a beautiful soul; he endeavored to forget her body in contemplation of the spiritual excellencies that might lurk behind it. To depreciate her was simpler, and had generally been his wont; but subjugation had reached another stage in him. He summoned all possible pleadings on the girl's behalf: her talents, her youth, her grievous trials. Devotion to classical music cannot but argue a certain loftiness of mind; it might, in truth, be somehow akin to "religion." Remembering his own follies and vices at the age of four-and-twenty, were it not reason, no less than charity, to see in Alma the hope of future good? Nay, if it came to that, did she not embody infinitely more virtue, in every sense of the word, than he at the same age? One must be just to women, and, however paltry the causes, do honor to the cleanliness of their life. Nothing had suggested to him that Alma was unworthy of everyday respect. Even when ill-mannered, she did not lose her sexual dignity. And after all she had undergone, there would have been excuse enough for decline of character, to say nothing of a lapse from the articles of good breeding. This letter of hers, what did it signify but the revolt of a spirit of independence, irritated by all man-

ner of sufferings, great and small? Ought he not to have replied in other terms? Was it worthy of him—man of the world, with passions, combats, experience multiform, assimilated in his long, slow growth—to set his sarcasm against a girl's unhappiness?

He was vexed with himself. He had not behaved as a gentleman. And how many a time, in how many situations, had he incurred this form of self-reproach!

When a week went by without anything more from Alma, Harvey ceased to trouble. As the fates directed, so be it. He began to pack the books which he would take with him into Wales.

One day he found himself at Kensington High Street, waiting for a City train. In idleness, he watched the people who alighted from carriages on the opposite side of the platform, and among them he saw Alma. On her way toward the stairs she was obliged to pass him; he kept his position, and only looked into her face when she came quite near. She bent her head with a half-smile, stopped, and spoke in a low voice, without sign of embarrassment.

"I was quite wrong. I found it out soon after I had written, and I have wanted to beg your pardon."

"It is my part to do that," Harvey replied. "I ought not to have answered as I did."

"Perhaps not—all things considered. I'm rather in a hurry. Good-morning!"

As a second thought, she offered her hand. Harvey watched her trip up the stairs.

Next morning he had a letter from her. "Dear Mr. Rolfe," she wrote, "did you let mamma know of my hasty and foolish behavior? If not—and I very much hope you didn't—please not to reply to this, but let us see you on Wednesday afternoon, just in the ordinary way. If mamma has been told, still don't trouble to write, and in that case I daresay you will not care to come. If you are engaged this Wednesday, perhaps you could next." And she signed herself his sincerely.

He did not reply, and Wednesday saw him climbing once more to the little flat; ashamed of being here, yet unable to see how he could have avoided it, except by leaving London. For that escape he had no longer much mind. Quite consciously, and with uneasiness which was now taking a new form, he had yielded to Alma's fascination. However contemptible and unaccountable, this was the state of things with him, and, as he waited for the door to be opened, it made him feel more awkward, more foolish, than for many a long year.

Mrs. Frothingham and her stepdaughter were sitting alone, the elder lady occupied with fancy-work, at her feet a basket of many colored silks, and the younger holding a book; nothing could have been quieter or more home-like. No sooner had he entered than he overcame all restraint, all misgiving; there was nothing here to-day but peace and good-feeling, gentle voices and quiet amiability. Whatever shadow had arisen between the two ladies must have passed utterly away; they spoke to each other with natural kindness, and each had a tranquil countenance.

Alma began at once to talk of their common friends, the Carnabys, asking whether Rolfe knew that they were in Australia.

"I knew they had decided to go," he answered. "But I haven't heard for at least two months."

"Oh, then I can give you all the news; I had a letter yesterday. When Mrs. Carnaby wrote, they had spent a fortnight at Melbourne, and were going on to Brisbane. Mr. Carnaby is going to do something in Queensland—something about mines. I'll read you that part."

The letter lay in the book she was holding. Sibyl wrote indefinitely, but Harvey was able to gather that the mining engineer, Dando, had persuaded Carnaby to take an active interest in his projects. Discussion on speculative enterprises did not recommend itself to the present company, and Rolfe could only express a hope that his friend had at last found a pursuit in which he could interest himself.

"But fancy Sibyl at such places!" exclaimed Alma, with amusement. "How curious I shall be to see her when she comes back! Before she left England, I'm sure she hadn't the least idea in what part of Australia Brisbane was, or Melbourne either. I didn't know myself; had to look at a map. You'll think that a shameful confession, Mr. Rolfe."

"My own ideas of Australian geography are vague enough."

"Oh, but haven't you been there?"

"Not to any of the new countries; I don't care about them. A defect, I admit. The future of England is beyond seas. I would have children taught all about the Colonies before bothering them with histories of Greece and Rome. I wish I had gone out there myself as a boy, and grown up a sheep-farmer."

Alma laughed. "That's one of the things you say just to puzzle people. It contradicts all sorts of things I've heard you say at other times.—Do you think, mamma, that Mr. Rolfe missed his vocation when he didn't become a sheep-farmer?"

Mrs. Frothingham gently shook her head. No trace of nervousness appeared in her to-day; manipulating the colored silks, she only now and then put in a quiet word, but followed the talk with interest.

"But I quite thought you had been to Australia," Alma resumed. "You see, it's very theoretical, your admiration of the new countries. And I believe you would rather die at once in England than go to live in any such part of the world."

"Weakness of mind, that's all."

"Still, you admit it. That's something gained. You always smile at other people's confessions, and keep your own mind mysterious."

"Mysterious? I always thought one of my faults was overfrankness."

"That only shows how little we know ourselves."

Harvey was reflecting on the incompleteness of his knowledge of Alma. Intentionally or not, she appeared to him at this moment in a perfectly new light; he could not have pictured her so simple of manner, so direct, so placid. Trouble seemed to have given her a holiday, and at the same time to have released her from self-consciousness.

"But you have never told us," she went on, "about your wanderings in France this summer. English people don't go much to that part, do they?"

"No. I happened to read a book about it. It's the

old fighting-ground of French and English—interesting to any one pedantic enough to care for such things."

"But not to people born to be sheep-farmers. And you had a serious illness.—Did Mr. Rolfe tell you, mamma dear, that he nearly died at some miserable roadside inn?"

Mrs. Frothingham looked startled, and declared she knew nothing of it. Harvey, obliged to narrate, did so in the fewest possible words, and dismissed the matter.

"I suppose you have had many such experiences," said Alma. "And when do you start on your next travels?"

"I have nothing in view. I half thought of going for the winter to a place in North Wales—Carnarvonshire, on the outer sea."

The ladies begged for more information, and he related how, on a ramble with a friend last spring (it was Basil Morton), he had come upon this still little town between the mountains and the shore, amid a country shining with yellow gorse, hills clothed with larch, heathery moorland, ferny lanes, and wild heights where the wind roars on crag and cairn.

"No railway within seven miles. Just the place for a pedant to escape to, and live there through the winter with his musty books."

"But it must be equally delightful for people who are not pedants!" exclaimed Alma.

"In spring or summer, no doubt, though even then the civilized person would probably find it dull."

"That's your favorite affectation again. I'm sure it's nothing but affectation when you speak scornfully of civilized people."

"Scornfully? I hope I never do."

"Really, mamma," said Alma, with a laguh, "Mr. Rolfe is in his very mildest humor to-day. We mustn't expect any reproofs for our good. He will tell us presently that we are patterns of all the virtues."

Mrs. Frothingham spoke in a graver strain.

"But I'm sure it is possible to be too civilized—to want too many comforts, and become a slave to them. Since I have been living here, Mr. Rolfe, you can't think how I have got to enjoy the simplicity of this kind of life. Everything is so easy; things go so smoothly. Just one servant, who can't make mistakes, because there's next to nothing to do. No wonder people are taking to flats."

"And is that what you mean by overcivilization?" Alma asked of Rolfe.

"I didn't say anything about it. But I should think many people in large and troublesome houses would agree with Mrs. Frothingham. It's easy to imagine a time when such burdens won't be tolerated. Our misfortune is, of course, that we are not civilized enough."

"Not enough to give up fashionable nonsense. I agree with that. We're wretched slaves, most of us."

It was the first sentence Alma had spoken in a tone that Rolfe recognized. For a moment her face lost its placid smile, and Harvey hoped that she would say more to the same purpose; but she was silent.

"I'm sure," remarked Mrs. Frothingham, with feeling, "that most happiness is found in simple homes."

"Can we be simple by wishing it?" asked Alma.

"Don't you think we have to be born to simplicity?"

"I'm not sure that I know what you mean by the word," said Harvey.

"I'm not sure that I know myself. Mamma meant poverty, I think. But there may be a simple life without poverty, I should say. I'm thinking of disregard for other people's foolish opinions; living just as you feel most at ease—not torturing yourself because it's the custom."

"That's just what requires courage," Rolfe remarked.

"Yes; I suppose it does. One knows people who live in misery just because they aren't comfortable; keeping up houses and things they can't afford, when, if they only considered themselves, their income would be quite enough for everything they really want. If you come to think of it, that's too foolish for belief."

Harvey felt that the topic was growing dangerous. He said nothing, but wished to have more of Alma's views in this direction. They seemed to strike her freshly; perhaps she had never thought of the matter in this way before.

"That's what I meant," she continued, "when I said you must be born to simplicity. I should think no one ever gave up fashionable extravagance just because they saw it to be foolish. People haven't the strength of mind. I daresay," she added, with a bright look, "any one who was strong enough to do that kind of thing would be admired and envied."

"By whom?" Rolfe asked.

"Oh, by their acquaintances who were still slaves."

"I don't know. Admiration and envy are not commonly excited by merely reasonable behavior."

"But this would be something more than merely reasonable. It would be the beginning of a revolution."

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Frothingham, smiling sadly, "people would never believe that it didn't mean loss of money."

"They might be made to believe it. It would depend entirely on the persons, of course."

Alma seemed to weary of the speculation, and to throw it aside. Harvey noticed a shadow on her face again, which this time did not pass quickly.

He was so comfortable in his chair, the ladies seemed so entirely at leisure, such a noiseless calm brooded about them, unbroken by any new arrival, that two hours went by insensibly, and with lingering reluctance the visitor found it time to take his leave. On reviewing the afternoon, Harvey concluded that it was probably as void of meaning as of event. Alma, on friendly terms once more with her stepmother, felt for the moment amiably disposed toward every one, himself included; this idle good-humor and insignificant talk was meant, no doubt, for an apology, all he had to expect. It implied, of course, thorough indifference toward him as an individual. As a member of their shrunken circle, he was worth retaining. Having convinced herself of his innocence of undue pretensions, Alma would, as the children say, be friends again, and everything should go smoothly.

He lived through a week of the wretchedest indecision, and at the end of it, when Wednesday afternoon came round, was again climbing the many stairs to the

Frothingham's flat; even more nervous than last time, much more ashamed of himself, and utterly doubtful as to his reception. The maid admitted him without remark, and showed him into an empty room. When he had waited for five minutes, staring at objects he did not see, Alma entered.

"Mamma went out to lunch," she said, languidly shaking hands with him, "and hasn't come back yet." No greeting could have conveyed less encouragement. She seated herself with a lifeless movement, looked at him, and smiled as if discharging a duty.

"I thought"—he blundered into speech—"that Wednesday was probably your regular afternoon." "There is nothing regular yet. We haven't arranged our life. We are glad to see our friends whenever they come.—Pray sit down."

He did so, resolving to stay for a few minutes only. In the silence that followed, their eyes met, and, as though it were too much trouble to avert her look, Alma continued to regard him. She smiled again, and with more meaning.

"So you have quite forgiven me?" fell from her lips, just when Harvey was about to speak.

"As I told you at the station, I feel that there is more fault on my side. You wrote under such a strange misconception, and I ought to have patiently explained myself."

"Oh no! You were quite right in treating me sharply. I don't quite remember what I said, but I know it must have been outrageous. After that, I did what I ought to have done before, just had a talk with mamma."

"Then you took it for granted, without any evidence, that I came here as a meddler or busybody?"

His voice was perfectly good-humored, and Alma answered in the same tone.

"I thought there was evidence. Mamma had been talking about her affairs, and mentioned that she had consulted you about something—Oh, about Mrs. Abbott."

"Very logical, I must say," remarked Rolfe, laughing.

"I don't think logic is my strong point."

She sat far back in the easy chair, her head supported, her hands resting upon the chair-arms. The languor which she hardly made an effort to overcome began to invade her companion, like an influence from the air; he gazed at her, perceiving a new beauty in the half-turned face, a new seductiveness in the slim, abandoned body. A dress of gray silk, trimmed with black, refined the ivory whiteness of her flesh; its faint rustling when she moved affected Harvey with a delicious thrill.

"There's no reason, now," she continued, "why we shouldn't talk about it—I mean, the things you discussed with mamma. You imagine, I daresay, that I selfishly objected to what she was doing. Nothing of the kind. I didn't quite see why she had kept it from me, that was all. It was as if she felt afraid of my greediness. But I'm not greedy; I don't think I'm more selfish than ordinary people. And I think mamma is doing exactly what she ought; I'm very glad she felt about things in that way."

Harvey nodded, and spoke in a subdued voice.

"I was only consulted about one person, whom I happened to know."

"Yes—Mrs. Abbott."

Her eyes were again fixed upon him, and he read their curiosity. Just as he was about to speak, the servant appeared with tea. Alma slowly raised herself, and while she plied the office of hostess, Harvey got rid of the foolish hat and stick that encumbered him. He had now no intention of hurrying away.

As if by natural necessity, they talked of nothing in particular while tea was sipped. Harvey still held his cup, when at the outer door sounded a rat-tat-tat, causing him silently to excrete the intruder, whoever it might be. Unheeding, and as if she had not heard, Alma chatted of trifles. Harvey's ear detected movements without, but no one entered; in a minute or two, he again breathed freely.

"Mrs. Abbott—"

Alma just dropped the name, as if beginning a remark, but lapsed into silence.

"Shall I tell you all about her?" said Rolfe. "Her husband's death left her in great difficulties; she had hardly anything. A friend of hers, a Mrs. Langland, who lives in Gunnersbury, was very kind and helpful. They talked things over, and Mrs. Abbott decided to take a house at Gunnersbury, and teach children; she was a teacher before her marriage."

"No children of her own?"

"No. One died. But unfortunately she has the care of two, whose mother—a cousin of hers—is dead, and whose father has run away."

"Run away?"

"Literally. Left the children behind in a lodging-house garret to starve, or go to the workhouse, or anything else. A spirited man; independent, you see; no foolish prejudices."

"And Mrs. Abbott has to support them?"

"No one else could take them. They live with her."

"You didn't mention that to mamma."

"No. I thought it needless."

The silence that followed was embarrassing to Harvey. He broke it by abruptly changing the subject.

"Have you practiced long to-day?"

"No," was the absent reply.

"I thought you looked rather tired, as if you had been working too hard."

"Oh, I don't work too hard," said Alma impatiently.

"Forgive me. I remember that it is a forbidden subject."

"Not at all. You may ask me anything you like about myself. I'm not working particularly hard just now; thinking a good deal, though. Suppose you let me have your thoughts on the same subject. No harm. But I daresay I know them, without your telling me."

"I hardly think you do," said Rolfe, regarding her steadily. "At all events"—his voice faltered a little—"I'm afraid you don't."

"Afraid? Oh"—she laughed—"don't be afraid. I have plenty of courage, and quite enough obstinacy. It rather does me good when people show they have no faith in me."

"You didn't understand," murmured Harvey.

"Then make me understand," she exclaimed nervously, moving in the chair as if about to stand up, but remaining seated and bent forward, her eyes fixed upon him in a sort of good-humored challenge. "I believe I know what you mean, all the time. You didn't discuss me with mamma, as I suspected, but you think about me just as she does.—No, let me go on, then you shall confess I was right. You have no faith in my powers, to begin with. It seems to you very unlikely that an everyday sort of girl, whom you have met in society and know all about, should develop into a great artist. No faith—that's the first thing. Then you are so kind as to have fears for me—yes, it was your own word. You think that you know the world, while I am ignorant of it, and that it's a sort of duty to offer warnings."

Harvey's all but angry expression, as he listened and fidgeted, suddenly stopped her.

"Well! Can you deny that these things are in your mind?"

"They are not in my mind at this moment, that's quite certain," said Harvey bluntly.

"Then, what is it?"

"Something it isn't easy to say, when you insist on quarreling with me. Why do you use this tone? Do I strike you as a pedagogue, a preacher—something of that sort?"

His energy in part subdued her. She smiled unasily.

"No. I don't see you in that light."

"So much the better. I wanted to appear to you simply a man, and one who has—perhaps—the misfortune to see in you only a very beautiful and a very desirable woman."

Alma sat motionless. Her smile had passed, vanishing in a swift gleam of pleasure which left her countenance bright, though grave. In the same moment there sounded again a rat-tat at the outer door. Through his whirling senses, Harvey was aware of the threatened interruption, and all but cursed aloud. That Alma had the same expectation appeared in her moving so as to assume a more ordinary attitude; but she uttered the word that had risen to her lips.

"The misfortune, you call it?"

Harvey followed her example in disposing his limbs more conventionally; also in the tuning of his voice to something between jest and earnest.

"I said perhaps the misfortune."

"It makes a difference, certainly." She smiled, her eyes turned to the door. "Perhaps is a great word; one of the most useful in the language.—Don't you think so, mamma?"

Mrs. Frothingham had just entered.

CHAPTER XI.

THE inconceivable had come to pass. By a word and a look Harvey had made real what he was always telling himself could never be more than a dream, and a dream of unutterable folly. Mrs. Frothingham's unconscious intervention availed him nothing; he had spoken, and must speak again. For a man of sensitive honor there could be no trifling in such a matter as this with a girl in Alma Frothingham's position. And did he not rejoice that wavering was no longer possible?

This was love; but of what quality? He no longer cared, or dared, to analyze it. Too late for all that. He had told Alma that he loved her, and did not repent it; nay, hoped passionately to hear from her lips the echoed syllable. It was merely the proof of madness. A shake of the head might cure him; but from that way to sanity all his blood shrank.

He must consider; he must be practical. If he meant to ask Alma to marry him, and of course he did, an indispensable preliminary was to make known the crude facts of his worldly position.

Well, he could say, with entire honesty, that he had over nine hundred pounds a year. This was omitting a disbursement of an annual fifty pounds, of which he need not speak—the sum he had insisted on paying Mrs. Abbott that she might be able to maintain Wager's children. With all the difficulty in the world had he gained his point. Mrs. Abbott did not wish the children to go into other hands; she made it a matter of conscience to keep them by her, and to educate them, yet this seemed barely possible with the combat for a livelihood before her. Mrs. Abbott yielded, and their clasp of hands cemented a wholesome friendship—frank, unsuspicious—rarest of relations between man and woman. But all this there was certainly no need of disclosing.

At midnight he was penning a letter. It must not be long; it must not strike the lyrical note; yet assuredly it must not read like a commercial overture. He had great difficulty in writing anything that seemed tolerable. Yet done it must be, and done it was; and before going to bed he had dropped his letter into the post. He durst not leave it for reperusal in the morning light.

Then came torture of expectancy. The whole man aching, sore, with impatience; reason utterly fled, intellect bemused and baffled; a healthy, competent citizen of high middle age set all at once in the corner, crowned with a fool's-cap, twiddling his thumbs in nervous fury. Dolorous spectacle, and laughable withal.

He waited four-and-twenty hours, then clutched at Alma's reply. "Dear Mr. Rolfe—Will you come again next Wednesday?" That was all. Did it amuse her to keep him in suspense? The invitation might imply a fulfillment of his hopes, but Alma's capriciousness allowed no certainty; a week's reflection was as likely to have one result as another. For him it meant a week of solitude and vacancy.

Or would have meant it, but for that sub-vigorous element in his character, that saving strain of practical rationality, which had brought him thus far in life without sheer overthrow. An hour after receiving Alma's enigmatical note, he was oppressed by inertia; another hour roused him to self-preservation, and supplied him with a project. That night he took the steamer from Harwich to Antwerp, and for the next four days wandered through the Netherlands, reviving his memories of a journey, under very different circumstances, fifteen years ago. The weather was bright and

warm; on the whole he enjoyed himself; he reached London again early on Wednesday morning, and in the afternoon, with a touch of weather on his cheek, presented himself at Alma's door.

She awaited him in the drawing-room, alone. This time, he felt sure, no interruption was to be feared; he entered with confident step and a cheery salutation. A glance showed him that his common sense had served him well: it was Alma who looked pale and thought-worn, who betrayed timidity, and could not at once command herself.

"What have you been doing?" she asked, remarking his appearance.

"Rambling about a little," he replied good-humoredly.

"Where? You look as if you had been a voyage."

"So I have, a short one." And he told her how his week had passed.

"So that's how you would like to spend your life—always traveling?"

"Oh no! I did it to kill time. You must remember that a week is something like a year to a man who is waiting impatiently."

She dropped her eyes. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. But I never thought you very impatient. You always seemed to take things philosophically."

"I generally try to."

There was a pause. Alma, leaning forward in her chair, kept her eyes down, and did not raise them when she again spoke.

"You have surprised and perplexed and worried me. I thought in a week's time I should know what to say."

Doesn't it strike you, Mr. Rolfe, that we're in a strange position toward each other? You know very little of me—very little indeed, I'm sure. And of you, when I come to think of it, all I really know is that you hardly care at all for what has always been my one great interest."

"That is putting it in a matter-of-fact way—or you think so. I see things rather differently. In one sense, I care very much indeed for everything that really makes a part of your life. And simply because I care very much about you yourself. I don't know you; who knows any other human being? But I have formed an idea of you, and an idea that has great power over my thoughts, wishes, purposes—everything. It has made me say what I thought I should never say to any woman—and makes me feel glad that I have said it, and full of hope."

Alma drew in her breath and smiled faintly. Still she did not look at him.

"And of course I have formed an idea of you."

"Will you sketch the outline and let me correct it?"

"You think I am pretty sure to be wrong?" she asked, raising her eyes and regarding him for a moment with anxiety.

"I should have said 'complete' it. I hope I have never shown myself to you in an altogether false light."

"That is the one thing I have felt sure about," said Alma, slowly and thoughtfully. "You have always seemed the same. You don't change with circumstances—as people generally do."

Harvey had a word on his lips, but checked it, and merely gazed at her till her eyes again encountered his. Then Alma smiled more naturally.

"There was something you didn't speak of in your letter. What kind of life do you look forward to?"

"I'm not sure that I understand. My practical aims—"

—you mean?"

"Yes," she faltered, with embarrassment.

"Why, I'm afraid I have none. I mentioned the facts of my position, and I said that I couldn't hope for its improvement."

"No, no, no! You misunderstand me. I am not thinking about money. I hate the word, and wish I might never hear it again!" She spoke with impetuosity. "I meant—how and where do you wish to live? What thoughts had you about the future?"

"None very definite, I confess. And chiefly because, if what I desired came to pass, I thought of everything as depending upon you. I have no place in the world. I have no relatives nearer than cousins. Of late years I have been growing rather bookish, and rather fond of quietness—but of course that resulted from circumstances. When a man offers marriage, of course he usually says: My life is this and this; will you enter into it, and share it with me? I don't wish to say anything of the kind. My life may take all sorts of forms; when I ask you to share it, I ask you to share liberty, not restraint."

"A gypsy life?" she asked, half playfully.

"Is your inclination to that?"

Alma shook her head. "No, I am tired of homelessness.—And," she added, as if on an impulse, "I am tired of London."

"Then we agree. I, too, am tired of both."

Her manner altered; she straightened herself, and spoke with more self-possession.

"What about my art—my career?"

"It is for me to ask that question," replied Harvey, gazing steadfastly at her.

"You don't mean that it would all necessarily come to an end?"

"Why? I mean what I say when I speak of sharing liberty. Heaven forbid that I should put an end to any aim or hope of yours—to anything that is part of yourself. I want you to be yourself. Many people nowadays revolt against marriage because it generally means bondage, and they have much to say for themselves. If I had been condemned to a wearisome occupation and a very small income, I'm sure I should never have asked any one to marry me; I don't think it fair. It may seem to you that I haven't much right to call myself an independent man as it is—"

Alma broke in impatiently. "Don't speak of money! You have enough—more than enough."

"So it seems to me. You are afraid this might prevent you from becoming a professional musician?"

"I know it would," she answered, with quiet decision.

"I should never dream of putting obstacles in your way. Do understand and believe me. I don't want to shape you to any model of my own; I want you to be your true self, and live the life you are meant for."

"All the same, you would rather I did not become a

professional musician. Now, be honest with me! Be honest before everything. You needn't answer, I know it well enough; and if I marry you, I give up my music."

Rolfe scrutinized her face, observed the tremulous mouth, the nervous eyelid.

"Then," he said, "it will be better for you not to marry me."

And silence fell upon the room, a silence in which Harvey could hear a deep-drawn breath and the rustle of silk. He was surprised by a voice in quite a new tone, softly melodious.

"You give me up very easily."

"Not more easily than you give up your music."

"There's a difference. Do you remember what we were saying, last Wednesday, about simplicity of living?"

"Last Wednesday? It seems a month ago. Yes, I remember."

"I have thought a good deal of that. I feel how vulgar the life is that most people lead. They can't help it; they think it impossible to do anything else. But I should like to break away from it altogether—to live as I chose, and not care a bit what other people said."

Harvey had the same difficulty as before in attaching much significance to these phrases. They were pleasant to hear, for they chimed with his own thoughts, but he could not respond with great seriousness.

"The wife of a man with my income won't have much choice, I fancy."

"How can you say that?" exclaimed Alma. "You know that most people would take a house in a good part of London, and live up to the last penny—making every one think that their income must be two or three thousand pounds. I know all about that kind of thing, and it sickens me. There's the choice between vulgar display with worry and a simple, refined life with perfect comfort. You fancied I should want a house in London?"

"I hardly thought anything about it."

"But it would ease your mind if I said that I would far rather live in a cottage, as quietly and simply as possible?"

"What does ease your mind—or, rather, what makes me very happy, is that you don't refuse to think of giving me your companionship."

Alma flushed a little. "I haven't promised. After all my thinking about it, it came to this—that I couldn't make up my mind till I had talked over everything with you. If I marry, I must know what my life is going to be. And it puzzles me that you could dream of making any one your wife before you had asked her all sorts of questions."

In his great contentment, Harvey laughed. "Admirable, theoretically! But how is a man to begin asking questions? How many would he ask before he got sent about his business?"

"That's the very way of putting his chance to the test!" said Alma brightly. "If he is sent about his business, how much better for him than to marry on a misunderstanding."

"I agree with you perfectly. I never heard any one talk better sense on the subject."

Alma looked pleased, as she always did when receiving a compliment.

"Will you believe, then, Mr. Rolfe, that I am quite in earnest in hating show and pretenses and extravagance, and wishing to live in just the opposite way?"

"I will believe it if you cease to address me by that formal name—a show and a pretense, and just a little extravagant."

Her cheeks grew warm again. "That reminds me," she said; "I didn't know you had a second name—till I got that letter."

"I had almost forgotten it myself, till I answered a certain other letter. I didn't know till then that you had a second name. Your 'Florence' called out my 'Radcliffe'—which sounds fiery, doesn't it? I always felt that the name overweighted me. I got it from my mother."

"And your first—Harvey?"

"My first I got from a fine old doctor, about whom I'll tell you some day—Alma."

"I named your name. I didn't address you by it."

"But you will?"

"Let us talk seriously.—Could you live far away from London, in some place that people know nothing about?"

"With you, indeed I could, and be glad enough if I never saw London again."

An exaltation possessed Alma; her eyes grew very bright, gazing as if at a mental picture, and her hands trembled as she continued to speak.

"I don't mean that we are to go and be hermits in a wilderness. Our friends must visit us—our real friends, no one else; just the people we really care about, and those won't be many. If I give up a public career—as of course I shall—there's no need to give up music. I can go on with it in a better spirit, for pure love of it, without any wish for making money and reputation. You don't think this a mere dream?"

Harvey thought more than he was disposed to say. He marveled at her sudden enthusiasm for an ideal he had not imagined her capable of pursuing. If he only now saw into the girl's true character, revealed by the awakening of her emotions, how nobly was his ardor justified! All but despising himself for loving her, he had instinctively chosen the one woman whose heart and mind could inspire him to a life above his own. "I should think it a dream," he answered, "if I didn't hear it from your lips."

"But it is so easy! We keep all the best things, and throw off only the worthless—the things that waste time and hurt the mind. No crowded rooms, no wearying artificial talk, no worry with a swarm of servants, no dressing and fussing. The whole day to one's self, for work and pleasure. A small house—just large enough for order and quietness, and to keep a room for the friend who comes. How many people would like such a life, but haven't the courage to live it!"

"Where shall it be, Alma?"

"I have given no promise. I only say this is the life that I should like. Perhaps you would soon weary of it?"

"I? Not easily, I think."

"There might be travel, too," she went on fervently. "We should be rich, when other people, living in the ordinary vulgar way, would have nothing to spare. No tours where the crowd goes; real travel in out-of-the-way parts."

"You are describing just what I should choose for myself; but I shouldn't have dared to ask it of you."

"And why? I told you that you knew so little of me. We are only just beginning to understand each other."

"What place have you in mind?"

"None. That would have to be thought about. Didn't you say you were going to some beautiful spot in Wales?"

Harvey reflected. "I wonder whether you would like that—"

"We are only supposing, you know. But show me where it is. If you wait a moment, I'll fetch a map."

She rose quickly. He had just time to reach the door and open it for her; and as she rapidly passed him, eyes averted, the faintest and sweetest of perfumes was wafted upon his face. There he stood till her return, his pulses throbbing.

"This is my old school-atlas," she said gayly; "I always use it still." She opened it upon the table and bent forward. "North Wales, you said? Show me—"

He pointed with a finger that quivered. His cheek was not far from hers; the faint perfume floated all about him; he could imagine it the natural fragrance of her hair, of her breath.

"I see," she murmured. "That's the kind of place—far off, but not too far. And the railway station?"

As he did not answer, she half turned toward him. "The station?—Yes.—Alma!"

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Frothingham was overjoyed. In private talk with Harvey she sang the praises of her stepdaughter, whom, she declared, any man might be proud to have won. For Alma herself had so much pride; the characteristic, said Mrs. Frothingham, which had put dangers in her path, and menaced her prospects of happiness.

"There's no harm in saying, Mr. Rolfe, that I never dared to hope for this. I thought perhaps that you—but I was afraid Alma wouldn't listen to any one. Just of late, she seemed to feel her position so much more than at first. It was my fault; I behaved so foolishly; but I'm sure you'll both forgive me. For months I really wasn't myself. It made the poor girl bitter against all of us. But how noble she is! How high-minded! And how much, much happier she will be than if she had struggled on alone—whatever she might have attained to."

It was clear to Harvey that the well meaning lady did not quite understand Alma's sudden enthusiasm for the "simple life," that she had but a confused apprehension of the ideal for which Alma panted. But the suggestion of "economy" received her entire approval.

"I feel sure you couldn't do better than to go and live in the country for a time. There are so many reasons why Alma will be happier there, at first, than in London. I don't know whether that place in North Wales would be quite—but I mustn't meddle with what doesn't concern me. And you will be thoroughly independent; at any moment you can make a change."

To a suggestion that she should run down into Carnarvonshire, and see her proposed home before any practical step was taken, Alma replied that she had complete faith in Harvey Rolfe's judgment. Harvey's only doubt was as to the possibility of finding a house. He made the journey himself, and after a few days' absence returned with no very hopeful report; at present there was nothing to be had but a cottage, literally a coter's home, and this would not do. He brought photographs, and Alma went into raptures over the lovely little bay, with its grassy cliffs, its rivulet, its smooth sand, and the dark-peaked mountains sweeping nobly to a sheer buttress above the waves. "There must be a house! There shall be a house!" Of course, said Harvey, one could build, and cheaply enough; but that meant a long delay. Regarding the date of the marriage nothing was as yet decided, but Harvey had made up his mind to be "at home" for Christmas. When he ventured to hint at this, Alma evaded the question.

A correspondent would inform him if any house became tenanted. "I shall bribe some one to quit!" he cried. "One might advertise that all expenses would be paid, with one year's rent of a house elsewhere." Harvey was in excellent spirits, though time hung rather heavily on his hands.

On an appointed day the ladies paid him a visit at his rooms. Mrs. Handover, requested to prepare tea for a semi-ceremonious occasion, was at once beset with misgivings, and the first sight of the strangers plunged her into profound despondency. She consulted her indifferent relative, Buncombe; had he any inkling of the possibility that Mr. Rolfe was about to change his condition? Buncombe knew nothing and cared nothing; his own domestic affairs were giving him more than usual anxiety just now. "I didn't think he was fool enough"—thus only he replied to Mrs. Handover's anxious questions.

Alma surveyed the book-shelves, and took down volumes with an air of interest; she looked over a portfolio of photographs, inspected mementos of travel from Cyprus, Palestine, Bagdad. Mrs. Frothingham noted to herself how dusty everything was.

"That woman neglects him scandalously," she said afterward to Alma. "I wish I had to look after her when she is at work."

"I didn't notice any neglect. The tea wasn't very well made, perhaps."

"My dear child! the room is in a disgraceful state—never dusted, never cleaned—oh dear!"

Alma laughed. "I'm quite sure, mamma, you are much happier now—in one way—than when you never had to think of such things. You have a genius for domestic operations. When I have a house of my own I shall be rather afraid of you."

"Oh, of course you will have good servants, my dear."

"How often have I to tell you, mamma, that we're

not going to live in that way at all! The simplest possible furniture, the simplest possible meals—everything subordinate to the higher aims and pleasures."

"But you must have servants, Alma! You can't sweep the rooms yourself, and do the cooking?"

"I'm thinking about it," the girl answered gravely. "Of course, I shall not waste my time in coarse labor; but I feel sure we shall need only one servant—a competent, trustworthy woman, after your own heart. It's snobbish to be ashamed of housework; there are all sorts of things I should like to do, and that every woman is better for doing."

"That is very true indeed, Alma. I can't say how I admire you for such thoughts. But—"

"The thing is to reduce such work to the strictly necessary. Think of all the toil that is wasted in people's houses, for foolish display and luxury. We sweep all that away at one stroke! Wait till you see. I'm thinking it out, making my plans."

In the pleasant little drawing-room, by the fireside (for it was now October and chilly), Harvey and Alma had long, long conversations. Occasionally they said things that surprised each other and led to explanations, debates, but harmony was never broken. Rolfe came away ever more enslaved; more impressed by the girl's sweet reasonableness, and exalted by her glowing idealism. Through amorous mists he still endeavored to discern the real Alma; he reflected ceaselessly upon her character; yet, much as she often perplexed him, he never saw reason to suspect her of dissimulation. At times she might appear to excite herself unduly, to fall into excess of zeal; it meant, no doubt, that the imaginative fervor she had been wont to expend on music was turned in a new quarter. Alma remained herself—impulsive, ardent, enthusiastic, whether yearning for public triumphs, or eager to lead a revolution in domestic life. Her health manifestly improved; languor was unknown to her; her cheeks had a warmer hue, a delicate carnation, subtly answering to her thoughts.

She abhorred sentimentality. This was one of her first intimate declarations, and Harvey bore it in mind. He might praise, glorify, extol her to the uttermost, and be rewarded by her sweetest smiles; but for the pretty follies of amatory transport she had no taste. Harvey ran small risk of erring in this direction; he admired and revered her maidenly aloofness; her dignity he found an unfailing charm, the great support of his own self-respect. A caress was not at all times forbidden, but he asserted the privilege with trembling diffidence. It pleased her, when he entered the room, to be stately and rather distant of manner, to greet him as though they were still on formal terms; this troubled Harvey at first, but he came to understand and like it. In Mrs. Frothingham's presence, Alma avoided every sign of familiarity, and talked only of indifferent things.

Early in November there came news that a certain family in the little Welsh town would be glad to vacate their dwelling if a tenant could at once be found for it. The same day Harvey traveled northward, and on the morrow he dispatched a telegram to Alma. He had taken the house, and could have possession in a week or two. Speedily followed a letter of description. The house was stone-built and substantial, but very plain; it stood alone and unsheltered by the roadside, a quarter of a mile from the town, looking seaward; it had garden ground and primitive stabling. The rooms numbered nine, exclusive of kitchen; small, but not diminutive. The people were very friendly (Harvey wrote), and gave him all aid in investigating the place, with a view to repairs and so on; by remaining for a few days he would be able to consult with a builder, so as to have necessary work set in train as soon as the present occupants were gone.

Alma's engagement had been kept strictly secret. When Harvey returned after a week of activity, he found her still reluctant to fix a day, or even the month, for their wedding. He did not plead, but wrote her a little letter, saying that the house could be ready by—at all events—the second week in December; that he would then consult with her about furniture, and would go down to superintend the final putting in order. "After that, it rests with you to say when you will enter into possession. I promise not to speak of it again until, on coming into the room, I see your atlas lying open on the table; that shall be a sign unto me."

On his return to London he received a note from Mrs. Frothingham, requesting him to be at home at a certain hour, as she wished to call and speak privately with him. This gave him an uneasy night; he imagined all manner of vexations or distracting possibilities; but Mrs. Frothingham brought no ill news.

"Don't be frightened," she began, reading his anxious face. "All's well, and I am quite sure Alma will soon have something to say to you. I have come on a matter of business—strictly business."

Harvey felt a new kind of uneasiness.

"Let me speak in a plain way about plain things," pursued the widow, with that shadow on her face which always indicated that she was thinking of the mournful past. "I know that neither Alma nor you would hear of her accepting money from me; I know I mustn't speak of it. All the better that you have no need of money. But now that you are my relative—will be so very soon—I want to tell you how my affairs stand. Will you let me? Please do!"

Impossible to refuse a hearing to the good little woman, who delighted in confidential gossip, and for a long time had been anxious to pour these details into Harvey's ear. So she unfolded everything. Her capital at Bennet Frothingham's death amounted to more than sixteen thousand pounds, excellently invested—no "Britannia" stocks or shares! Of this, during the past six months, she had given away nearly six thousand to sufferers by the great catastrophe. Her adviser and administrator in this affair was an old friend of her husband's, a City man of honorable repute. He had taken great trouble to discover worthy recipients of her bounty, and as yet had kept the source of it unknown.

"I mustn't give very much more," she said, looking at Harvey with a pathetic deprecation of criticism. "I want to keep an income of three hundred pounds. I could live on less, much less; but I should like still to have it in my power to do a little good now and then, and I want to be able to leave something to my sister,

or her children. The truth is, Mr. Rolfe—no, I will call you Harvey, once for all—the truth is, I couldn't live now without giving a little help here and there to people poorer than myself. Don't think it foolish." Her voice quivered. "I feel that it will be done in the name of my poor husband—as if he himself were doing it, and making amends for a wrong he never, never intended. If I had given up everything—as some people say I ought to have done—it wouldn't have seemed the same to me. I couldn't earn my own living, and what right had I to become a burden to my relatives? I hope I haven't done very wrong. Of course, I shall give up the flat as soon as Alma is married. In taking it I really thought more of her than of my own comfort. I shall live with my sister, and come up to town just now and then, when it is necessary."

The listener was touched, and could only nod grave approval.

"There's another thing. Alma thinks with me in everything—but she says I ought to let it be known who has given that money. She says it would make many people less bitter against her father's memory. Now, what is your opinion? If she is right in that—"

Harvey would offer no counsel, and Mrs. Frothingham did not press him. She must think about it. The disclosure, if wise, could be made at any time.

"That's all I had to say, Harvey. Now tell me about the house, and then go and see Alma. I have business in the City."

He went, but only to be disappointed; Alma was not at home. To make amends, she sent him a note that evening, asking him to call at twelve the next day, and to stay to luncheon. When he entered the room, the first object his eye fell upon was the old school atlas, lying open on the table at the map of England and Wales.

And the day appointed was the 20th of December.

The wedding was to be the simplest conceivable. No costume, no bridesmaid or hulking groomsman, no invitations; no announcement to any one until the day had passed, save only to Dora Leach, who would be summoned as if for some ordinary occasion of friendship, and then be carried off to the church.

"It will insure my smiling all through the ordeal," said Alma to her stepmother; "Dora's face will be such a study!"

"My dear," began Mrs. Frothingham very earnestly, "you are quite sure—"

"More than sure, if that's possible. And Harvey throws up his hat at being let off so easily. He dreaded the ceremony."

Which was very true, though Rolfe had not divulged it.

His personal possessions were now to be made ready for removal. The books represented nearly all that he could carry away from his old rooms, but they were a solid addendum to the garnishing of home. For a moment he thought of selling a few score of volumes. Would he ever really want those monumental tomes—the six folios of Muratori, for instance, which he liked to possess, but had never used? Thereby hung the great, the unanswerable question: How was he going to spend his life as a married man? Was it probable that he would become a serious student, or even that he would study as much as heretofore? No foreseeing; the future must shape itself, even as the past had done. After all, why dismember his library for the sake of saving a few shillings on carriage? If he did not use the books himself—

A thought flashed through him which made his brain unsteady. If he did not use the books himself, perhaps—

He tried to laugh, but for five minutes was remarkably sober. No, no; of course he would keep his library intact.

And now there was a duty to perform: he must write to his friends, make known his marriage; the letters to be posted only on the day of fate. Dear old Basil Morton—how he would stare! Morton should soon come down into Wales, and there would be great quaffing and smoking and talking into the small hours; a jolly anticipation! And Hugh Carnaby! Hugh would throw up his great arms, clinch his huge red fists, and roar with mocking laughter. Good old boy! out there on the other side of the world, perhaps throwing away his money, with the deft help of a swindler. And the poor lad, Cecil Morpew! who assuredly would never pay back that fifty pounds—to which he was heartily welcome. Morpew had kept his promise to quit the garret in Chelsea, but what was since become of him Harvey knew not; the project of their going together into Wales had, of course, fallen through.

Lastly, Mary Abbott—for so had Harvey come to name his friend's widow. Mary Abbott! how would she receive this news? It would come upon her as the strangest surprise; not the mere fact of his marrying, but that he had chosen for a wife, out of the whole world, the daughter of Bennet Frothingham. Would she be able to think kindly of him after this? Of Mrs. Frothingham she could speak generously, seeming to have outlived natural bitterness; but the name must always be unwelcome to her ears. Alma would cease to bear that name, and perhaps, in days to come, Mary Abbott might forget it. He could only hope so, and that the two women might come together. On Alma's side, surely, no reluctance need be feared; and Mary, after her ordeal, was giving proof of sense and character which inspired a large trust. He would write to her in the most open-hearted way; indeed, no other tone was possible, having regard to the relations that had grown up between them.

How the aspect of his little world was changing! A year ago, what things more improbable than that he should win Alma Frothingham for a wife, and become the cordial friend of Mary Abbott?

When the revelation could be postponed no longer, he made known to Mrs. Handover that he was about to be married. It cost him an extraordinary effort, for in a double sense he was shamed before the woman. Mrs. Handover, by virtue of her sex, instinctively triumphed over him. He saw in her foolish eyes the eternal feminine victory; his head was bowed before her slatternly womanhood. Then again, he shrank from announcing to the poor creature that she could no longer draw upon him for her livelihood.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Rolfe," she began, in her most

despondent voice. "That is, of course, I'm very glad you're going to be married, and I'm sure I wish you every happiness—I do indeed. But we are sorry to lose you—indeed we are."

Of her sincerity herein there could be no sort of doubt. Harvey coughed, and looked at the window— which had not been cleaned for some months.

"May I ask, without rudeness, whether it is the young lady who came—?"

"Yes, Mrs. Handover."

He was uncommonly glad that Alma's name had never been spoken. There, indeed, would have been matter for gossip.

"A very handsome young lady, Mr. Rolfe, and I'm sure I wish her all happiness, as well as yourself." She fidgeted. "Of course, I don't know what your plans may be, sir, but—perhaps there's no harm if I mention it—if ever you should be in need of a housekeeper—you've known me a long time, sir—"

"Yes—yes—certainly," Harvey perspired. "Of course, I should bear you in mind."

Thereupon he had to listen while Mrs. Handover discoursed at large upon her dubious prospects. At the close of the interview, he gave her a check for ten pounds, concealed in an envelope. "A little present—of course, I shall be hearing of you—every good wish—"

On the eve of his marriage day he stood in the dismantled rooms, at once joyful and heavy at heart. His books were hidden in a score of packing-cases, labeled, ready to be sent away. In spite of open windows, the air was still charged with dust; since the packing began, every one concerned in it had choked and coughed incessantly; on the bare floor, footsteps were impressed in a thick flocky deposit. These rooms could have vied with any in London for supremacy of filthiness. Yet here he had known hours of still contentment; here he had sat with friends congenial, and heard the walls echo their hearty laughter; here he had felt at home—here his youth had died.

Where all else was doubtful, speculative, contingent, that one thing he certainly knew; he was no longer a young man. The years had passed like a shadow, unnoted, uncounted, and had brought him to this point of pause, of change momentous, when he must needs look before and after. In all likelihood much more than half his life was gone. His mother did not see her thirtieth year; his father died at a little over forty; his grandparents were not long-lived; what chance had he of walking the earth for more than half the term already behind him? Did the life of every man speed by so mockingly? Yesterday a schoolboy; tomorrow—"Rolfe? you don't say so? Poor old fellow!"

And he was going to be married. Incredible, laughter-moving, but a fact. No more the result of deliberate purpose than any other change that had come about in his life, than the flight of years and the vanishment of youth. Fate so willed it, and here he stood.

Some one climbed the stairs, breaking upon his reverie. It was Buncombe, who smiled through a settled gloom.

"All done? I shan't be much longer here myself. House too big for me."

"Ah! it is rather large."

"I'm thinking of changes.—You know something about my affairs.—Yes—changes—"

Rolfe had never seen the man so dismal before; he tried to inspire him, but with small result.

"It's the kids that bother me," said Buncombe. Then he dropped his voice, and brought his head nearer. "You're going to get married." His eyes glinted darkly. "I'm—going to get divorced."

And with a grim nod the man moved away.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

A MORNING of April, more than two years after his marriage, found Harvey Rolfe in good health and very tolerable spirits. As his wont was, he came down at half-past eight, and strolled in the open air before breakfast. There had been rain through the night; a gray mist still clung about the topmost larches of Carn Bodvean, and the Eifel summits were densely wrapped. But the sun and breeze of spring promised to have their way; to drive and melt the clouds, to toss white wave-lets on a blue sea, to make the gorse shine in its glory, and all the hills be glad.

A gardener was at work in front of the house; Harvey talked with him about certain flowers he wished to grow this year. In the small stable-yard a lad was burnishing harness; for him also the master had a friendly word, before passing on to look at the little mare amid her clean straw. In his rough suit of tweed and shapeless garden hat, with brown face and cheery eye, Rolfe moved hither and thither as though native to such a life. His figure had filled out; he was more robust, and looked, indeed, younger than on the day when he bade farewell to Mrs. Handover and her abominations.

At nine o'clock he entered the dining-room, where breakfast was ready, though as yet no other person had come to table. The sun would not touch this window for several hours yet, but a crackling fire made the air pleasant, and brightened all within. Seats were placed for three. An aroma of coffee invited to the meal, which was characterized by no suggestion of asceticism. Nor did the equipment of the room differ greatly from what is usual in middle-class houses. The clock on the mantelpiece was flanked with bronzes; engravings and autotypes hung about the walls; door and window had their appropriate curtaining; the oak sideboard shone with requisite silver. Everything unpretentious; but no essential of comfort, as commonly understood, seemed to be lacking.

In a minute or two appeared Mrs. Frothingham; alert, lightsome, much improved in health since the first year of her widowhood. She had been visiting here for a fortnight, and to-morrow would return to her home in the south. Movement, variety, intimate gossip, supported her under the affliction which still seemed to be working for her moral good. Her bounty (or restitution) had long ago ceased to be anonymous, but she did not unduly pride herself upon the sacrifice of wealth; she was glad to have it known among her

acquaintances, because, in certain quarters, the fact released her from constraint, and restored her to friendly intercourse. For her needs and her pleasures a very modest income proved quite sufficient. To all appearances, she found genuine and unfailing satisfaction in the exercise of benevolent sympathies.

"Alma will not come down," was her remark, as she entered. "A little headache—nothing. We are to send her some tea and dry toast."

"I thought she didn't seem quite herself last night," said Harvey, as he cut into a ham.

Mrs. Frothingham made no remark, but smiled discreetly, taking a place at the head of the table.

"We shall have to go somewhere," Harvey continued. "It has been a long winter. She begins to feel dull, I'm afraid."

"A little, perhaps. But she's quite well—it's nothing—"

"Why won't she go on with her water-colors? She was beginning to do really good things—then all at once gives it up."

"Oh, she must! I think those last sketches simply wonderful. Any one would suppose she had worked at it all her life, instead of just a few months. How very clever she is!"

"Alma can do anything," said Harvey, with genial conviction.

"Almost anything, I really think. Now don't let her lose interest in it, as she did in her music. You have only to show that you think her drawings good, and speak about them. She depends rather upon encouragement."

"I know. But it wasn't for lack of my encouragement that she dropped her violin."

"So unfortunate! Oh, she'll come back to it, I'm sure."

When Mrs. Frothingham paid her first visit to the newly married couple, it amused her to find a state of things differing considerably from her anxious expectations. True, they had only one servant within doors, the woman named Ruth, but she did not represent the whole establishment. Having bought a horse and trap, and not feeling called upon to act as groom, Harvey had engaged a man, who was serviceable in various capacities; moreover, a lad made himself useful about the premises during the day. Ruth was a tolerable cook, and not amiss as a housemaid. Then, the furnishing of the house, though undeniably "simple," left little to be desired; only such things were eschewed as serve no rational purpose and are mostly in people's way. Alma, as could at once be perceived, ran no risk of over-exerting herself in domestic duties; she moved about of mornings with feather-brush, and occasionally plied an unskillful needle, but kitchenward she never turned her steps. Imprudently, Mrs. Frothingham remarked that this life, after all, much resembled that of other people; whereat Alma betrayed a serious annoyance, and the well-meaning lady had to apologize, to admit the absence of "luxuries," the homeliness of their diet, the unmistakable atmosphere of plain living and high thinking.

She remained for nearly a month, greatly enjoying herself. Late in autumn, Alma begged her to come again, and this time the visit lasted longer; for in the first week of December the house received a new inhabitant, whose arrival made much commotion. Alma did not give birth to her son without grave peril. Day after day Harvey strode about the wintry shore under a cloud of dread. However it had been with him a year ago, he was now drawn to Alma by something other than the lure of passion; the manifold faults he had discerned in her did not seriously conflict with her peculiar and many-sided charm; and the birth of her child inspired him with a new tenderness, an emotion different in kind from any that he had yet conceived. That first wail of feeblest humanity, faint-sounding through the silent night, made a revolution in his thoughts, taught him on the moment more than he had learned from all his reading and cogitation.

It seemed to be taken as a matter of course that Alma would not nurse the baby; only to Harvey did this appear a subject for regret, and he never ventured to speak of it. The little mortal was not vigorous; his nourishment gave a great deal of trouble; but with the coming of spring he took a firmer hold on life, and less persistently bewailed his lot. The names given to him were Hugh Basil. When apprised of this, the strong man out in Australia wrote a heart-warming letter, and sent with it a little lump of Queensland gold, to be made into something, or kept intact, as the parents saw fit. Basil Morton followed the old tradition, and gave a silver tankard with name and date of the new world-citizen engraved upon it.

Upon her recovery, Harvey took his wife to Madeira, where they spent three weeks. Alma's health needed nothing more than this voyage; she returned full of vitality. During her absence Mrs. Frothingham superintended the household, the baby being in charge of a competent nurse. It occurred to Harvey that this separation from her child was borne by Alma with singular philosophy; it did not affect in the least her enjoyment of travel. But she reached home again in joyous excitement, and for a few days kept the baby much in view. Mrs. Frothingham having departed, new visitors succeeded each other: Dora and Gerda Leach, Basil Morton and his wife, one or two of Alma's relatives. Little Hugh saw less and less of his mother, but he continued to thrive; and Harvey understood by now that Alma must not be expected to take much interest in the domestic side of things. It simply was not her forte.

She had ceased to play upon her violin, save for the entertainment and admiration of friends. After her return from Madeira she made the acquaintance of a lady skilled in water-color drawing, and herewith began a new enthusiasm. Her progress was remarkable, and corresponded to an energy not less than that she had long ago put forth in music. In the pursuit of landscape she defied weather and fatigue; she would pass half the night abroad, studying moonlight, or rise at an unheard-of hour to catch the hues of dawn. When this ardor began to fail, her husband was vexed rather than surprised. He knew Alma's characteristic weakness, and did not like to be so strongly reminded of it. For about this time he was reading and musing much on questions of heredity.

In a moment of confidence he had ventured to ask Mrs. Frothingham whether she could tell him anything of Alma's mother. The question, though often in his mind, could hardly have passed his lips, had not Mrs. Frothingham led up to it by speaking of her own life before she married; how she had enjoyed the cares of country housekeeping; how little she had dreamed of ever being rich; how Bennet Frothingham, who had known her in his early life, sought her out when he began to be prosperous, therein showing the fine qualities of his nature, for she had nothing in the world but gentle birth and a lady's education. Alma was then a young girl of thirteen, and had been motherless for eight years. Thus came Harvey's opportunity. Alma herself had already imparted to him all she knew: that her mother was born in England, emigrated early with her parents to Australia, returned to London as a young woman, married, and died at twenty-seven. To this story Mrs. Frothingham could add little, but the supplement proved interesting. Bennet Frothingham spoke of his first marriage as a piece of folly; it resulted in unhappiness, yet, the widow was assured, with no glaring fault on either side. Alma's mother was handsome, and had some natural gifts, especially a good voice, which she tried to use in public, but without success. Her education scarcely went beyond reading and writing. She died suddenly, after an evening at the theatre, where, as usual, she had excited herself beyond measure. Mrs. Frothingham had seen an old report of the inquest that was held, the cause of death being given as cerebral hemorrhage. In these details Harvey Rolfe found new matter for reflection.

Their conversation at breakfast this morning was interrupted by the arrival of letters; two of them particularly welcome, for they bore a colonial postmark. Hugh Carnaby wrote to his friend from an out-of-the-way place in Tasmania; Sibyl wrote independently to Alma from Hobart.

"Just as I expected," said Harvey, when he had glanced over a few lines. "He talks of coming home:—There seems no help for it. Sibyl is much better in health since we left Queensland, but I see she would never settle out here. She got to detest the people at Brisbane, and doesn't like those at Hobart much better. I have left her there while I'm doing a little roaming with a very decent fellow I have come across, Mackintosh by name. He has been everywhere and done everything—not long ago was in the service of the Indo-European Telegraph Company at Tehran, and afterward lived (this will interest you) at Bagdad, where he got a *date-bill*, which marks his face and testifies to his veracity. He has been trying to start a timber business here; says some of the hard woods would be just the thing for street paving. But now his father's death is taking him back home, and I shouldn't wonder if we travel together. One of his ideas is a bicycle factory; he seems to know all about it, and says it'll be the most money-making business in England for years to come. What do you think? Does this offer a chance for me?"

Harvey interrupted himself with a laugh. Smelting of abandoned gold ores, by the method of the ingenious Dando, had absorbed some of Hugh's capital, with very little result, and his other schemes for money-making were numerous.

"The fact is, I must get money somehow. Living has been expensive ever since we left England, and it's madness to go on till one's resources have practically run out. And Sibyl must get home again; she's wasting her life among these people. How does she write to your wife? I rather wish I could spy at the letters. (Of course, I don't seriously mean that.) She bears it very well, and, if possible, I have a higher opinion of her than ever."

Again Harvey laughed. "Good old chap! What a pity he can't be cracking crowns somewhere!"

"Oh! I'm sure I'd rather see him making bicycles."

"Tisn't his vocation. He ought to go somewhere and get up a little war of his own—as he once told me he should like to. We can't do without the fighting man."

"Will you bring Hughie up to it, then?"

Harvey fixed his eyes on a point far off. "I fear he won't have the bone and muscle. But I should like him to have the pluck. I'm afraid he mayn't, for I'm a vile coward myself."

"I should like a child never to hear or know of war," said Mrs. Frothingham fervently.

"And so should I," Harvey answered, in a graver tone.

When Mrs. Frothingham went upstairs with the letter for Alma, he broke open another envelope. It was from Mary Abbott, who wrote to him twice a year, when she acknowledged the receipt of his check. She sent the usual careful report concerning Wager's children—the girl now seven years old, and the boy nine. Albert Wager, she thought, was getting too old for her; he ought to go to a boys' school. Neither he nor his sister had as yet repaid the care given to them; never were children more difficult to manage. Harvey read this between the lines; for Mary Abbott never complained of the task she had undertaken. He rose and left the room with a face of anxious thoughtfulness.

The day was wont to pass in a pretty regular routine. From half-past nine to half-past one Harvey sat alone in his study, not always energetically studious, but on the whole making progress in his chosen field of knowledge. He bought books freely, and still used the London Library. Of late he had been occupying himself with the authorities on education; working, often impatiently, through many a long-winded volume. He would have liked to talk on this subject with Mary Abbott, but had not yet found courage to speak of her paying them a visit. The situation, difficult because of Alma's parentage, was made more awkward by his reticence with Alma regarding the payment he made for those luckless children. The longer he kept silence, the less easily could he acquaint his wife with this matter—in itself so perfectly harmless.

This morning he felt indisposed for study, and cared just as little to go out, notwithstanding the magnificent sky. From his windows he looked upon the larch-clad slopes of Carn Bodvean; their beauty only reminded him of grander and lovelier scenes in far-off countries. From time to time the wanderer thus awoke in him, and threw scorn upon the pedantries of a book-lined

room. He had, moreover, his hours of regret for vanished conviviality; he wished to step out into a London street, collect his boon companions, and hold revel in the by-gone way. These, however, were still but fugitive moods. All in all, he regretted nothing. Destiny seemed to have marked him for a bookish man; he grew more methodical, more persistent, in his historical reading; this, doubtless, was the appointed course for his latter years. It led to nothing definite. His life would be fruitless—

Fruitless? There sounded from somewhere in the house a shrill little cry, arresting his thought, and controverting it without a syllable. Nay, fruitless his life could not be, if his child grew up. Only the chosen few, the infinitesimal minority of mankind, leave spiritual offspring, or set their single mark upon the earth; the multitude are but parents of a new generation, live but to perpetuate the race. It is the will of nature, the common lot. And if indeed it lay within his power to shape a path for this new life, which he, nature's slave, had called out of nothingness—to obviate one error, to avert one misery—to insure that, in however slight degree, his son's existence should be better and happier than his own—was not this a sufficient purpose for the years that remained to him, a recompense adequate to any effort, any sacrifice?

As he sat thus in reverie, the door softly opened, and Alma looked in upon him.

"Do I interrupt you?"

"I'm idling. How is your headache?"

She answered with a careless gesture, and came forward, a letter in her hand. "Sibyl says she will certainly be starting for home in a few weeks. Perhaps they're on the way by now. You have the same news, I hear."

"Yes. They must come to us straight away," replied Harvey, knocking the ash out of his pipe. "Or suppose we go to meet them? If they come by the Orient Line, they call at Naples. How would it be to go overland, and make the voyage back with them?"

Alma seemed to like the suggestion, and smiled, but only for a moment. She had little color this morning, and looked cold, as she drew up to the fire, holding a white woolen wrap about her shoulders. A slow and subtle modification of her features was tending to a mature beauty which would make bolder claim than the charm that had characterized her in maidenhood. It was still remote from beauty of a sensual type, but the outlines, in becoming a little more rounded, more regular, gained in common estimate what they lost to a more refined apprehension. Her eyes appeared more deliberately conscious of their depth and gleam; her lips, less responsive to the flying thought, grew to an habitual expression—not of discontent, but something akin unto it; not of self-will, but something that spoke a spirit neither tranquil nor pliant.

"Had you anything else?" she asked, absently.

"A letter from Mrs. Abbott."

Alma smiled, with a shade of pleasantry not usual upon her countenance. Harvey generally read her extracts from these letters. Their allusion to money imposed the reserve; otherwise they would have passed into Alma's hands. From his masculine point of view, Harvey thought the matter indifferent; nothing in his wife's behavior hitherto had led him to suppose that she attached importance to it.

"The usual report of progress?"

"Yes. I fancy those two children are giving her a good deal of trouble. She'll have to send the boy to a boarding-school."

"But can she afford it?"

"I don't know."

"I've never understood yet why you take so much interest in those children."

Her eyes rested upon him with a peculiarly keen scrutiny, and Harvey, resenting the embarrassment due to his own tactics, showed a slight impatience.

"Why, partly because I wish to help Mrs. Abbott with advice, if I can; partly because I'm interested in the whole question of education."

"Yes, it's interesting, of course. She has holidays, I suppose?"

"It's holiday time with her now."

"Then why don't you ask her to come and see us?"

"I would at once," Harvey replied, with hesitation, "if I felt sure that—" He broke off, and altered the turn of his sentence. "I don't know whether she can leave those children."

"You were going to make a different objection. Of course there's a little awkwardness. But you said long ago that all that sort of thing would wear away, and surely it ought to have done by now. If Mrs. Abbott is as sensible as you think, I don't see how she can have any unpleasant feeling toward me."

"I can't suppose that she has."

"Then now is the opportunity. Send an invitation.—Why shouldn't I write it myself?"

Alma had quite shaken off the appearance of lassitude; she drew herself up, looked toward the writing-table, and showed characteristic eagerness to carry out a project. Though doubtful of the result, Harvey assented without any sign of reluctance, and forthwith she moved to the desk. In a few minutes she had penned a letter, which was held out for her husband's perusal.

"Admirable!" he exclaimed. "Couldn't be better. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*"

"And pray what does that mean?" asked Alma, her countenance a trifle perturbed by the emotions which blended with her delight in praise.

"That my wife is the most graceful of women, and imparts to all she touches something of her own charm."

"All that?"

"Latin, you must know, is the language of compression."

They parted with a laugh. As she left the study, Alma saw her little son just going out; the nurse had placed him in his mail-cart, where he sat smiling and cooing. Mrs. Frothingham, who delighted in the child, had made ready for a walk in the same direction, and from the doorway called to Alma to accompany them.

"I may come after you, perhaps," was the reply. "Ta-ta, Hughie!"

With a wave of her hand, Alma passed into the sitting-room, where she stood at the window, watching

till Mrs. Frothingham's sunshade had disappeared. Then she moved about, like one in search of occupation; taking up a book only to throw it down again gazing vacantly at a picture, or giving a touch to a bowl of flowers. Here, as in the dining-room, only the absence of conventional superfluities called for remark; each article of furniture was in simple taste; the result, an impression of plain elegance. On a little corner table lay Alma's color-box, together with a drawing-board, a sketching-book, and the portfolio which contained chosen examples of her work. Not far away, locked in its case, lay her violin, the instrument she had been wont to touch caressingly; to-day her eyes shunned it.

She went out again into the little hall. The front door stood open; sunshine flooded the garden; but Alma was not tempted to go forth. All the walks and drives of the neighborhood had become drearily familiar; the meanness of London streets shone by contrast as a paradise in her imagination. With a deep sigh of ennui, she turned and slowly ascended the stairs.

Above were six rooms; three of them the principal chambers (her own, Harvey's, and the guest-room), then the day-nursery, the night-nursery, and the servant's bedroom. On her first coming, she had thought the house needlessly spacious; now it often seemed to her oppressively small, there being but one spare room for visitors. She entered her own room. It could not be called disorderly, yet it lacked that scrupulous perfection of arrangement, that dainty finish, which makes an atmosphere for the privacy of a certain type of woman. Ruth had done her part, preserving purity unimpeachable; the deficiency was due to Alma alone. To be sure, she had neither dressing-room nor lady's-maid; and something in Alma's constitution made it difficult for her to dispense with such aids to the complete life.

She stood before the mirror, and looked at herself, blankly, gloomily. Her eyes fell a little, and took a new expression, that of anxious scrutiny. Gazing still, she raised her arms, much as though she were standing to be measured by a dressmaker; then she turned, so as to obtain a view of her figure sidewise. Her arms fell again, apathetically, and she moved away.

Somehow, the long morning passed. In the afternoon she drove with Harvey and Mrs. Frothingham, conversing much as usual, giving no verbal hint of her overwhelming ennui. No reference was made to Mrs. Abbott. Harvey had himself written her a letter, supporting Alma's invitation with all possible cordiality; but he gravely feared that she would not come.

At ten, according to custom, little Hugh was brought into the room, to be fondled by his mother, who liked to see him when he was prettily dressed, and to sit upon his father's knee. Hugh, aged sixteen months, began to have a vocabulary of his own, and to claim a share in conversation; he had a large head, well formed, and slight but shapely limbs; the sweet air of sea and mountain gave a healthful, though very delicate, coloring to his cheeks; his eyes were Alma's, dark and gleaming, but with promise of a keener intelligence. Harvey liked to gaze long at the little face, puzzled by its frequent gravity, delighted by its flashes of mirth. Syllables of baby-talk set him musing and philosophizing. How fresh and young, yet how wondrously old! Babble such as this fell from a child's lips thousands of years ago, in the morning of the world; it sounded on through the ages, infinitely reproduced; eternally a new beginning; the same music of earliest human speech, the same ripple of innocent laughter, renewed from generation to generation. But he, listening, had not the merry, fearless pride of fathers in an earlier day. Upon him lay the burden of all time; he must needs ponder anxiously on his child's heritage, use his weary knowledge to cast the horoscope of this dawning life.

"Why are you looking at him in that way?" exclaimed Alma. "You'll frighten him."

"How did I look?"

"As if you saw something dreadful."

Harvey laughed, and ran his fingers through the soft curls, and bade himself be of good heart. Had he not thrown scorn upon people who make a "fuss" about their children? Had he not despised and detested chatter about babies? To his old self what a simpleton would he have seemed!

On the morrow Mrs. Frothingham took her departure; leaving it, as usual, uncertain when she would come again, but pleasantly assured that it could not be very long. She thought Harvey the best of husbands; he and Alma the happiest of married folk. In secret, no doubt, she sadly envied them. If her own lot had fallen in such tranquil places!

Two more days, and Alma received a reply to her invitation. Yes, Mrs. Abbott would come, and be with them for a week; longer she could not. Her letter was amiable and well-worded as Alma's own. Harvey felt a great relief, and it pleased him not a little to see his wife's unfeigned satisfaction. This was Monday; the visitor promised to arrive on Tuesday evening.

"Of course you'll drive over with me to meet her," said Harvey.

"I think not. I dislike making acquaintance at railway stations. If it should rain, you'll have to have a covered carriage, and imagine us three shut up together!"

Alma laughed gayly at the idea. Harvey, though at a loss to interpret her merriment, answered it with a smile, and said no more. Happily, the weather was settled; the sun shone gallantly each morning; and on Tuesday afternoon Harvey drove the seven miles, up hill and down, between hedges of gorse and woods of larch, to the little market-town where Mary Abbott would alight after her long journey.

(To be continued.)

"YOUNG man," said the multi-millionaire angrily, "how dare you get engaged without my knowledge—and to an actress?"

"Such a matter, sir, is one in which I do not think that even a father should be absolute."

"But you never earned a penny in your life. Supposing I publicly renounce you?"

"All right, sir. The more you publicly renounce me the more you advertise my wife."